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National Catholic Magazine

January 1936-24p

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Letters

"NEGROES WANT JOBS"

Having just read "Radio and TV" in the November issue of your magazine, the Radio-TV Committee felt it necessary to make a comment on the portion "Negroes Want Jobs." The article was rather inadequate and also contradictory. Negroes do want jobs other than those of performers and many are qualified in the field of stage managing, scenery designers, secretaries, and others.

To a non-Catholic, the article would throw a bad picture on the Catholic viewpoint of integration in Radio and TV.

BERNYCE EDWARDS

THE CATHOLIC INTERRACIAL COUNCIL OF DETROIT, DETROIT, MICH.

SPAIN TODAY

I have just read the article by Desmond Fennell in your October issue. Mr. Fennell did a splendid job in digging dirt and unpleasant things about Spain. It really does not take much brains to find people discontented with any given regime or with any given social conditions. Now if either he or anyone else would go around looking for Spaniards in Spain who think that they live in a wonderful country and are contented and thank God that they are where they are, we would then have the true picture of Spain: a land where some people are unhappy and others are happy. Or is there on earth a land where unhappy people do not exist? I noted that the people in the pictures accompanying the article of Mr. Fennell were rather well dressed, well fed, and, oh, miracle of miracles, they were laughing.

REV. SEGUNDO LLORENTE, S. J.
ALAKANUK, ALASKA.

May I give my personal opinion on your "Spain Today" article in the October issue?

I am sorry, but I simply don't think this is an objective view of present-day Spain. The author, of course, uses firsthand and true evidence. He presents to the reader facts that I have no difficulty in admitting (I am from Spain), for one of the sides of the truth about Spain is that the working class is lacking proper housing, wages, and transportation and that the middle class is in a fluctuating economic position and has many domestic problems. But the author presents only the facts he wants and, against all the rules of objectivity in judging the facts of everyday life, he doesn't show the other side of the picture: the attempt of the Church as well as of the State to get rid of this situation.

Mr. Fennell couldn't find any sign of

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this attempt. Of course he says, talking about the old and ugly houses of the workers, that the "newer blocks of apartments climb every year higher up the hillside out of the valley," but he omits to say that these apartments are part of housing planned to eliminate the crowded houses of the workers. He reports that most Spaniards remain poor and uneducated (this, perhaps, is the place to say that a very large proportion of the students in the Bilbao high school in which Mr. Fennell teaches comes from the upper-middle and wealthy classes) but he doesn't know or at least doesn't mention the efforts of the Church to educate the sons of the workers. (The Society of Jesus, alone, has 6 schools in Bilbao and 269 in Spain according to 1947-48 statistics) . . .

JESUS M. NUEVO, S. J.
ST. MARY'S COLLEGE

ST. MARYS, KANSAS

I have just read Desmond Fennell's article "Spain Today" in your October issue. As a Spaniard from Bilbao, I was surprised; as a Catholic I was certainly shocked. May I in spirit of charity give you my reasons?

I was surprised, not because of the things said but because of the way they were said and because of the apparent intention of the author.

The way: he carefully selected the things which would prove his preconceived idea, and carefully omitted those which are opposed to it. For instance, he said that on the left side of the river there is only a bad road and a poor streetcar, while on the right side there is a much better train used also by the workers; he mentioned the lack of proper housing and omitted what is being done for its remedy. . . .

FRANCISCO JAVIER LLASERA, S. J.
ST. MARY'S COLLEGE

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DR. PEALE

It was most disturbing to read your "Views in Brief" editorials in the September issue of THE SIGN entitled "Believe in Belief" and "God and Mammon, Inc." Both of these articles form a very uncharitable criticism of the fine work done by Dr. Norman Vincent Peale. . . .

To make matters worse, your line of reasoning seems to hold water about as well as a tin can with the bottom knocked out of it, if you will pardon my bluntness. In order to separate the sheep from the goats in this matter, we will have to go through it point by point. By so doing, I think that we can reach the conclusion that Dr. Peale's teachings are quite congruous to our own as far as the subject matter is concerned. . . .

Apparently you have never learned that we as Catholics have to live with others who are non-Catholics, that regardless of what we think of our religion in comparison with the others, we practice tolerance at all times; we do not go around telling others that their religious beliefs are no good.

PAUL K. JOHNSON

WANAMASSA, N. J.

See "Whatever Lola Wants, Lola Gets" on page 46 of this issue.

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J. T. FLYNN

I have read Edward R. O'Connor's unfavorable report in the November issue of THE SIGN on John T. Flynn's new book, *The Decline of the American Republic*. I have also read the book.

John T. Flynn, in his book, places the history of man's long struggle for liberty and the reasons for the unprecedented success of the American Republic in correct and clear focus. He also, necessarily, cuts down to size and places back in their ivory towers many of the self-chosen "saviors" of mankind; especially, some of our own American brand.

I urge every American who prizes his heritage of liberty and opportunity to read this excellent book. The safeguards of our liberty, our form of government, and our high standards and way of life are being swept away. This heritage did not come to us by accident or because we were a "chosen people!" It is a reward that God gives only to those who earn it and are willing to make the necessary sacrifices to keep it.

PHILIP E. O'CONNELL
SOUTH WEYMOUTH, MASS.

WISE MAN FROM THE WEST

Someone will have to tell Charles P. Bruderle (*The Wise Man From the West* p. 71, THE SIGN, November, 1955) that Vincent Cronin's was not the "only English-written story" of Mathei Ricci, S. J.

Father Louis Gallagher, S. J., published the entire *Journals of Ricci* in English two years ago.

Mr. Cronin has done a slick re-write, one-half length, of the original, seventeenth-century Journal. No discredit to him, but the reviewer should have known of the American-printed source book in English.

DOROTHY GODFREY
OLEAN, N. Y.

Reviewer Bruderle spoke of the only English written story "of," excluding therefore that "by," Fr. Ricci.

SPORTS

Red Smith writes almost exclusively about sports events occurring about twenty or thirty years ago. Sometimes this is interesting but I prefer the up-to-date modern sports survey article that Don Dunphy used to present.

I. J. BELLAFIORE
SEAFORD, N. Y.

"SHADOW OR SUBSTANCE"

With reference to your editorial "Shadow or Substance," now that Mr. Churchill has had his much-publicized "Meeting at the Summit" and the so-called Spirit of Geneva, which never did exist except in the imagination of the columnists, please, please, let us retire Mr. Churchill to the oblivion which he so richly deserves in matters of American policy-making and politics.

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the United Nations and the debacle of Korea.

MRS. ELLEN KEENAN

OAK PARK, ILL.

PUBLIC HOUSING

My attention was called to the July issue of THE SIGN and specifically to the fine article on "Your Stake in Public Housing." I was taken with the article and the accurate and forceful manner in which it explained the place of Public Housing.

I would like to call your attention, however, to a point which could well have had a little more emphasis—the place the Church has had in Public Housing. The article stated that there were two priests acting as housing commissioners. I have heard of these two men and the fine work they are doing. However, in Denver, Colorado, Rt. Rev. John Mulroy, pastor of Holy Ghost Church, is one of the commissioners and incidentally has come to the defense of Public Housing in the State Legislature. He has been chairman of the Commission several times. In Pueblo, Colorado, the Rev. Charles J. Murray, S. J., pastor of Mt. Carmel Church, has just completed a five-year term as chairman of the Authority and has been reappointed to another five-year term.

Father Joseph Blank, S. J., was instrumental in getting the enabling legislation through the Missouri State Legislature years ago and served on the commission for a time, I believe. Monsignor O'Grady, of course, heads the list; even in his old age he is still recognized as a power in the movement. There may be others active.

CHARLES J. MURRAY, S. J.
MT. CARMEL CHURCH

PUEBLO, COLORADO

WOMEN OR NEWS?

THE SIGN appears now to be a woman's magazine rather than a news magazine. I've found very little of interest in it for the past year. I used to buy THE SIGN at church back in about 1950 and enjoyed it very much.

RALPH SPINDLER

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

YOUR BOWERY

We thank you very much for the article in your October issue, "There's a Bowery in Your Town."

We wish a large number of our young folks would read this article and look around their city or town and take note of what liquor has done to a large number of men and women.

Many of these people started downgrade when they were going to school and thought it was smart to get drunk. . . .

The Holy Name Society of Cleveland has a drive on now to try to educate our high school boys and girls along these lines before it is too late.

It is a big job to get these people back to normal life again but by hard work some will reform. . . .

J. E. DEE

LAKEWOOD, OHIO

(Continued on page 79)

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1956



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Cover Photo by Jacques Lowe

Israel and the Arabs

THE date was May 14, 1948. The place was the Museum of Art on Rothschild Boulevard in Tel Aviv. David Ben-Gurion, Zionist leader, stepped to the rostrum and read aloud these words: "By virtue of the natural and historic right of the Jewish people and the resolution of the General Assembly of the United Nations [we] hereby proclaim the establishment of the Jewish state in Palestine, to be called Israel."

We should get the record straight on this action. The "Jewish people" had no "natural and historic right" in Palestine. They had lost their sovereignty in the year 70 B.C. The few Jews still in this area in the seventh century were completely engulfed by the Arab invasion. If the Jewish people of today have a right to Palestine, then the Indians have an infinitely greater right to Manhattan.

Furthermore, the U. N. decision leaves us quite cold. The U.N. had no right to transfer the ownership of a country from its inhabitants to an alien people. If the U.N. can do such a thing for Palestine, why can't it do it for New York or Texas?

The emergence of the State of Israel has brought tension and discord to the Near East. The Arabs of the surrounding countries and the Moslems from the Atlantic coast of North Africa to the Indonesian Islands of the Pacific bitterly resent the forceful intrusion of a strange people into Palestine. Their resentment is fanned to flames of fanatical hatred by the fact that nearly a million Arabs who had dwelt peacefully in this territory are now dragging out a hopeless existence in refugee camps on the borders of Israel while their homes and farms and vineyards have been taken over by a million immigrants from all points of the compass.

The present situation in the Near East is made to order for the Red troublemakers. With plenty of American dollars, the Israelis purchased large quantities of modern weapons, enough to give them a considerable advantage over the Arabs. But Russia and her satellite Czecho-Slovakia have made a deal with Egypt to supply her with modern weapons to offset the advantage of the Israelis. Arms will be followed by technicians, diplomats, and propagandists in an effort to tie this area securely to Russia's apron strings.

The West built a northern tier of allied countries from Turkey to Pakistan to shut Russia off from

the Near East. The Reds have now jumped over this barrier and have landed on both feet right in the middle of the Mediterranean region, to which they have sought access since the days of the Czars.

Loss of the Near East would weight the balance of power heavily in favor of Soviet Russia. This area is one of the most important strategic regions in the world. It contains the richest known oil deposits and some of the most important American air bases. It is a natural bridge leading from Asia into Africa and to the "soft underbelly" of Europe. Its inclusion within the sphere of Soviet influence would be a major catastrophe.

American policy makers suffer a serious handicap in dealing with the Near East. Most Americans have completely false notions of the facts of life regarding Palestine. They picture the Israelis as fighting for their own homeland, not as intruders who have displaced the rightful owners. Zionist propagandists have flooded the media of public opinion with this false view, while the Arabs have practically no means of presenting their side of the dispute.

Furthermore, the politicians fear what they call the "Jewish vote," which can influence greatly, perhaps decisively, the electoral votes in some of the largest states. In the presidential campaign of 1948, Truman and Dewey tried to outdo one another in promises to Israel in order to secure the Jewish vote.

WE need a bipartisan policy based on what is just and what is good for America. Agreement between the Democrats and Republicans in this matter would take it out of politics and would make possible a truly American policy.

The politicians should not forget that Jew and Zionist are not identical terms. Many eminent Jews reject the Zionist claim that all Jews possess a common nationality. This should be kept in mind when militant Zionists accuse their opponents of anti-Semitism.

Father Ralph Gorman, C.P.



EDITORIALS

IN PICTURES AND IN PRINT

ON November 26, in New York City, at a meeting of the National Council for Social Studies, Philip Jacobson, of the American Jewish Committee, made a speech. He criticized a program adopted by the Board of Superintendents of the New York City schools. The program deals with ways in which the public schools

Must Democracy Be So Hard on God?

can reinforce the home and church in strengthening belief in God.

Catholic authorities in New York have approved the program. Protestant authorities have approved its spirit but have reserved judgment as to its actual form. The New York Board of Rabbis is against it. So also, apparently, is the American Jewish Committee.

According to the report at hand, Mr. Jacobson's reason for opposing the program—and probably the reason of the others, too—is that school children will somehow get divided into two classes, religious pupils, on the one hand, and all the others, on the other.

In the face of this prospect, what is his solution? Leave things as they are now. Which means, continue to have only one class of pupils, the irreligious one.

We can see here only a favoring of irreligion over religion, of the present irreligious pupil over the improved version who would be taught basic religious facts, of the desires of the irreligious parent over those of the religious parent.

Since Mr. Jacobson lays claims to democracy in support of

him, we would ask: Where is the democracy in this arrangement? If it is so important to prevent the creation of two classes of school children, a religious one and an irreligious one, why must the public be called on to settle for an *irreligious* one? Particularly when responsible investigators have decided that that is precisely the group which is causing most of the trouble today.

MR. Jacobson also says that to qualify as an instructor of these basic ethico-religious facts, the teacher would need to submit to a religious test. Such a

test, he says, would be (again) undemocratic. Actually, however, no such test of the teacher's own religion is involved, any more than teaching geography involves

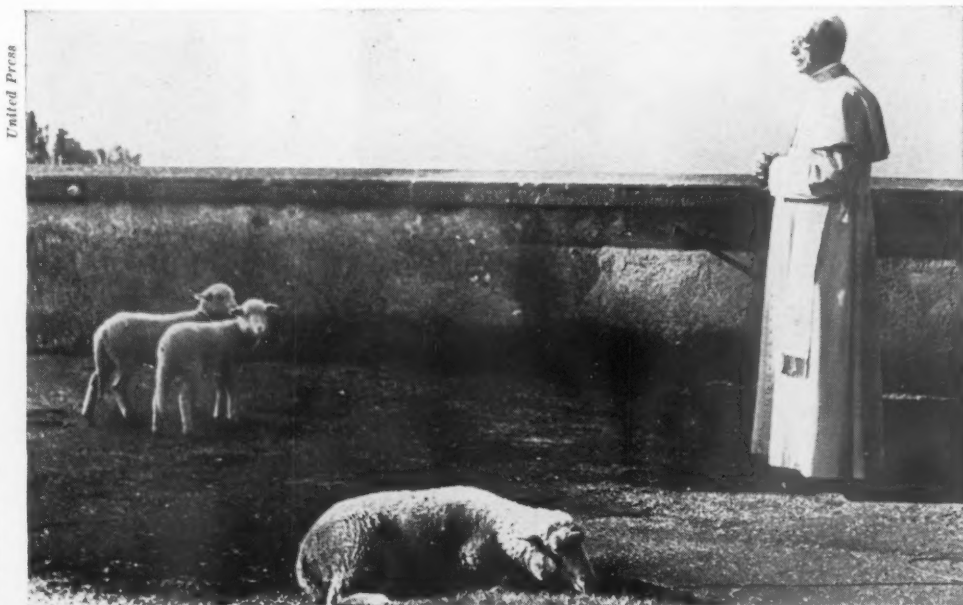
God Is Waiting at the School Gate

a test of the teacher's preference in domiciles. The only test required is one that would assure a teacher's ability to teach a code of simple, universally held beliefs.

For instance, such uncomplicated propositions as that there is a God, that God created men, that He created them equal, that He endowed them with certain inalienable rights, and that government and man-made laws are the God-planned way of keeping these rights intact.

The American teacher who does not believe these doctrines does not believe in the Declaration of Independence. The one who can't teach these doctrines can't teach civics.

An alarming conclusion follows from this controversy:



Pope Pius XII, fully recovered from last year's illness, strolls among sheep in the gardens of his villa at Castel Gandolfo. The scene suggests the Gospel parable concerning the Good Shepherd, of which the Pope is an exemplar.



Religious News

Fathers Marcellus White, C.P., and Justin Garvey, C.P., last American Passionists to be released by the Chinese Reds, speak to reporters on their arrival in Hong Kong. Priests spent prison terms in solitary



United Press

Secretary Dulles confers with Generalissimo Franco on a wide range of problems in the Mediterranean area during recent visit to Madrid. Dulles is the first U.S. Secretary of State to speak with Spanish leader



Religious News

Harris & Ewing



Senator Joseph O'Mahoney, D., Wyo., launches investigation into monopoly charges against General Motors. Witnesses included irate dealers who had been crushed by G.M.



Father John LaFarge, S.J., left, receives 1955 Peace Award of Catholic Assn. for Int'l. Peace, which cited him for furthering justice and charity in international life



Religious News

Bishop Wright of Worcester blesses crops raised by New England farmers. Blessing was given at new harvest service attended by laity from 82 parishes.

Massachusetts teen-agers gave visiting Indian Cardinal Gracias the full celebrity treatment. He had just told them: "The Church wants your services . . . Everyone has a mission"

There are people who believe that it is possible to govern nations rightly without any reference to the Natural Law. The man-made law of the land, they feel, is a completely effective standard of conduct. Citizens need only obey that and look no higher.

Which means that the lesson of Nazism and practical Communism has not yet been learned. The Nazis and Communists made laws—man-made laws. They didn't bother to fit them into the framework of God's Law, the Natural Law.

Remember what happened? Their government achieved such odd effects as mass-murders in monster gas ovens, wholesale firing squad massacres and burials, and highly scientific laboratory experiments with live human beings as guinea pigs.

Well, we would like to preserve Junior from such advanced pranks. The only way most people can see to do it in the public schools is by teaching him the Natural Law, the religion of the Declaration of Independence.

To those who say: In a fine, democratic country like ours, it can't be done, we say: In a fine, democratic country like ours, it had better be done. Or in another generation, our country will not be fine. It will not be democratic. It, probably, won't even be ours.

Why must democracy be so aristocratic toward God?

As we head into the New Year, predictions are quite the vogue. Two subjects are favorites—politics and prosperity. This year they are more interrelated than ever before.

Politics and Prosperity

Guesses on the farm problem and on the general level of business next November are important items in the political crystal ball. At this stage we would like to enter a plea, hopeless as it may seem, that the question of tax reduction be excluded from the political maneuverings. It is taken for granted that taxes will go down this year. The only question seems to be one of getting political credit for the result.

It is about time that tax policy be removed from the level of purely partisan politics. We feel this way because taxes today are one of the most important influences on business activity. A tax cut at the wrong time could cause dangerous inflation. At the right time, the same cut could halt a growing recession.

Radical as the statement may seem, the old standards of a balanced budget are as dated as the horse and buggy. This may seem a brash assertion, as the federal debt begins to approach the three hundred billion mark. Yet even a debt of this size is a relative thing.

At the present time, national income is considerably higher than the national debt. Ten years ago the reverse was true. For all practical purposes, the present debt is less a burden than was a smaller debt in 1946. We are better able to pay it off, or to meet interest payments if we do not choose to reduce it.

THIS is but one side of the picture. The other side is the effect that taxes have on the economy. It is generally agreed that a federal budget surplus is a brake

Economics before politics

on business expansion. The reasons for this statement are too technical to explain in this brief space. Suffice it to say that this is one point of agreement among economists. On these grounds, there should be only one question before Congress this year, so far as taxes are concerned. That question is: does the economy need a brake or a boost? Our banking authorities have been putting on the brakes for nearly a year, by making money harder to borrow. This has been a sensible move, since the boom showed signs of coming through the roof.

But the government needs an accelerator as well as a brake,

if we are to maintain high and growing prosperity. Experience has shown that easing off on the banking brakes is not enough to reverse the process, once a recession sets in. A more positive stimulus for consumer and business spending is needed. A well-timed tax cut is best for this purpose.

In effect, this would release billions for income for immediate use. It would create a favorable atmosphere for borrowing, once our bankers wished to encourage this pastime.

In a nutshell, changing the metaphor, our tax policy may be compared to a powerful drug with deep-rooted effects on the economy. It must be used primarily in terms of its effects on business. Tempting as debt reduction or political capital may be, we must first consider the economic health of the nation. Any other approach might court disaster.

AMID the conflicting claims that drug addiction is on the increase and on the decrease, there remains the question of finding a social remedy for addiction. Recently, a new and revolutionary solution was suggested. Provide, say its proponents, free drugs for those who have become addicted. Then try to cure them from that

point on. This social therapy, it is said, would work out like this:

Those who are "on drugs" would not have to purchase them at the high prices charged by illicit peddlers. This fact, in turn, would mean that addicts would not need to finance their own addiction by encouraging addiction in others and acting as suppliers to such novices.

Thus, the snowballing character of the traffic would be halted. New addicts would be made only by accident, rather than by the coaxing and wheedling and I-dare-you-to which accounts for most converts to narcosis now.

But would the experiment work out this way?

It seems to us that the group best qualified to answer the question is the doctors. The problem lies most of all in their field, rather than in the field of law enforcement.

The pertinent points are: Is craving for a personal supply of the drug responsible for the apostolate of addiction now followed by the small "pusher?" Would a guaranteed personal supply of the drug be sedative enough to take away the ambition to propagate addiction? Can addicts be cured while being supplied drugs in supervised clinics?

THOSE are questions for the doctors. Not one little group of them. But the whole profession with its cumulative experience. There must be some way of

Underselling the "Pusher"

getting such a consensus of opinion. To us it would seem that this basic approach would make it possible to handle by realistic legislation other aspects of the problem of addiction. There is, for instance, the matter of penalizing the addict who is also a supplier. While he suffers the violent illness which accompanies his need for drugs, he is not normal mentally. Consequently, it would be unjust to penalize him too heavily for violating the law.

But, if drugs are available legally to ease him over his sickness, and if he continues to act as an apostle and supplier of drugs, then the book should be thrown at him.

He is clearly in the same social and moral position as the criminal who mutilates citizens by physical assault. True, the narcotics huckster doesn't slash people's faces with a razor blade nor break their jaws with a set of brass knuckles. But he damages their whole bodily constitution. He wrecks their minds. As social assets, he leaves them either dead or as so much psychological garbage.

But the validity of this position depends on whether free drugs will do the trick. If that's anybody's guess, let the doctors do the guessing.



These school children, dressed in habits of various religious orders of women, added a bit of human interest to Mission Sunday celebration in New York. Later it may be for real

Views in Brief

Your Job—an Apostolate. In a recent article delineating "the occupational apostolate," Robert Senser, associate editor of *Work*, monthly labor newspaper, asks laymen to consider the apostolic implications of their daily work. At home, Senser maintains, most laymen do a good job of living a Christian family life; but at work, few understand what Christianity means to their job in life. "The shame," he says, "is that so few Catholics share the Papal concern about what happens in the social order." The answer, as Senser sees it, lies with small groups of laymen working together to discover and apply the implications of Christianity in their job life. Most people spend at least one-third of their lives "on the job." This large part of their time should not be considered merely time spent in the service of Mammon but time which offers an apostolic challenge and opportunity.

Social Reconstruction. The three most important formative forces in our society are religion, politics, and commerce; it is these three which will decide the success or failure of any attempts to restore Christ to society. If religion is allowed to become a dead thing, the attempt cannot even begin. But, granted religious vitality, society still cannot become Christian until men of Christian conviction strive through education and action to give a positive Christian direction to politics and commerce.

Wealth—a Moral Force. In our society, perhaps as in no other, money talks for good or evil. Profit has become the supreme motivation. It sets the pattern for custom: Would the "two Ford family," for example, ever have become a socially acceptable ideal if it were not for some sales promoters in Detroit? Too often, profit has also led the fight against Christian tradition. The desecration of the Sabbath by Sunday shopping, for example, was the idea of merchandisers who had lost all Christian conscience. But this could work in the other direction, too. Widespread practice of the Advent wreath custom—a beautiful way of restoring Christ to Advent and Christmas—will probably await the coming of a promoter who will make the Advent wreath a necessary Christmas decoration in every home. The fact is: economic life has had a lot to do with the de-Christianizing of society; it may also have a lot to do with the success of any effort to bring Christ back.

Literature. The German Bishops recently issued a Pastoral Letter on Catholic literature. They note that a large section of modern Catholic literature prefers the darker side of life: man and sin are the main subjects. The Bishops wisely admit that this recognition of the power of evil in the world is of great value for literature and for the pastoral duties of our times: "This kind of literature gives rise to shocks which can have a wholesome effect." But they are anxious about several trends: the surrendering of clear moral standards through a deep pity for sinful man; a false glorification of sin which is consented to afterward because it sometimes contributes to conversion and sorrow; the failure, after making a diagnosis where there is sickness, to show that man can make an effort to master his difficulties and get well again; the false impression that there is an unbridgeable gulf between the sober reality of life and the moral law. The Bishops ask of Catholic writers that "the moral and religious standards which are God-given shall retain their unshakable validity." They urge Catholic readers to "select what is suitable and what may help them to make their faith more mature, more alive and pure."

A Problem. On page six of this issue a reader voices the opinion that *THE SIGN* is a woman's magazine. Passing over our surprise, we would call attention to a recent article in the *Catholic Educational Review*. The question was asked: should magazines be used in high school English classes. Sixty per cent of those favoring their use were women high school teachers. (Incidental information: *Today*, *Catholic Digest*, *America*, and *THE SIGN* were listed on 25 per cent of the responses.) But—and this is the main point—the comparatively few men who wanted a magazine used mentioned *Time*, *America*, *THE SIGN*, and the digests most frequently. There seems to be a slight difference of opinion, therefore, between letter-writer Spindler and some men, high school teachers. Perhaps our readers can help us out.

Movies. The Bishops of the country have recently announced a revival of their campaign against indecent movies. Of films made in the U. S., 30 per cent were unobjectionable, 35 per cent were objectionable in part. Of foreign films reviewed, the percentages were about the same; four foreign films were condemned. It would be rash and little to the point to blame Catholics for this trend. But it would not be beside the point to call their attention to this danger to themselves and to society in general.

Catholic Schools in Canada

Catholics in Canada have schools supported by local taxes and government grants. Their tax-supported schools are as Catholic as they want them to be

by JAMES G. SHAW



Canada's tax-supported Catholic schools: nuns in the classroom and crucifixes on the walls

STANSTEAD, Rock Island, and Derby Line are three villages that make one thriving small town. They share the same Main Street and there is no gap between their buildings to show where one leaves off and the other begins. The people of the three villages work together and play together.

As far as Stanstead and Rock Island are concerned, this is just like hundreds of other twin towns. But when a delivery boy takes the one step out of Rock Island into Derby Line, he has done more than pass from one village into the other. He has crossed from Canada into the United States, from the province of Quebec into the state of Vermont.

The apartment he is passing may have its bedrooms in one country and its parlor in the other. The housewife may cross the border twenty times a day going from frigidaire to kitchen table.

The man who finds his house straddling the border may choose which country he wants to claim as his residence. But he has to pay taxes to both. If he is a Catholic, Canada will apply his school taxes to the building and upkeep of his own Catholic schools. But the United States will insist that he pay a tax for the support of a school to which he feels he cannot send his children. If he wants the children to have a Catholic education, he will have to tax himself again to build a Catholic school, keep it up, and transport his children to it.

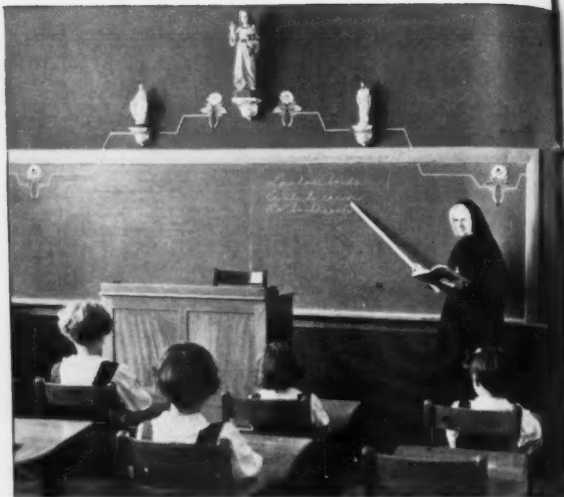
Roland Roy, for example, is a druggist in Derby Line, Vermont. If his house were 50 feet further north, he would be in Rock Island, Quebec, and when he paid his school taxes he would be paying for the education of his six children. As it is, he pays his taxes to support one school and then starts

worrying about providing for the education of Cynthia, Roland Jr., Veronica, Joan, Celeste, and the baby.

He goes to his pastor, Father Armand Fortin, who has to face this same problem for 225 scattered families. Although Father Fortin's parishioners make up one-third of Derby Line's population, they have no Catholic school. They must go to the school conducted by the Sacred Heart Sisters at Newport, Vermont, eight miles away. They must pay the extremely modest tuition and then dig into their pockets for transportation. Father Fortin has provided two big buses for the 130 children they pack in daily. Mr. Roland and the other parents pay two dollars a month per child to keep those buses running.

To a poor family with many children, this can be a matter of real sacrifice. Farmer Anatole Trudeau is on the United States side of the border seven-

Eager hands go up on Father Flannery's Radio School of Christ. A knowledge of religion was learned in government-supported schools



Government aid for Catholic schools does not mean changing schools into nondenominational schools

teen miles from Newport. It cost him ten dollars a month to send his five children to school along roads traveled by another bus going to another school on his tax money. If he were not a Catholic determined to keep his children Catholic, he would not have to go so far, he would not have to pay twice. As it is, the winter months often see cash so scarce on the farm that Mr. Trudeau pays for his children's education in firewood and farm produce.

And all the time they see their Catholic neighbors across the line enjoying the benefits of an equitable school system supported by local taxes and government grants.

They know this is not merely because Catholics are a majority in Quebec and a minority in Vermont. It is because the Canadian village follows a fair system of equal distribution of taxes which are equally gathered.

IN Rock Island, where Catholics have the same majority Protestants have in Derby Line, the most handsome and modern school building is the Sunnyside Protestant school. This school is governed by its own school board which receives all the school taxes paid by Protestants, has complete control over its teachers and curriculum, and participates equally with the majority Catholic School Commission in government grants for buildings, salaries, and transportation.

If a public school is one supported by public monies, then some eighty-five per cent of Canada's Catholic Schools are public schools. And they are as Catholic as Catholics want them to be. Nuns, brothers, and priests teach in them, a

crucifix hangs on the wall, and the readers used may be the same *Faith and Freedom* series used in parochial schools of the United States.

Five of Canada's provinces have written into their laws "Separate School" arrangement for providing tax aid for the schools of the religious minority. Ontario and Quebec, which between them have three-fifths of the nation's population, provide matching and contrasting examples of how Canadian Catholics fare under this arrangement.

In outline, the structure of the educational system in both provinces is the same. The base is the school district. A school board is elected and this board has the right to assess a school tax on property within the area. It determines the rate of this tax itself, hires and fires teachers, and has, in general, full administrative power over its schools.

The religious minority has the right to petition for its own school and its own board. This board determines its own tax rate, administers the money it receives, hires its own teachers, determines its own curriculum, and takes responsibility for seeing that teachers, curricula, and buildings are up to province-wide standards.

Since corporations are neither Catholic nor Protestant, their property taxes, which become substantial in industrial areas, are divided between the majority and minority school boards.

JAMES G. SHAW, columnist and literary critic for Canadian Catholic papers, was educated in Scotland and at Loyola College, Montreal. In 1954 he published two books and collaborated on a third. He has also written for various Catholic periodicals.

The provincial government supplements the local taxes with financial grants and provides inspection and supervision to see that the level of education it demands for good citizenship is maintained. Its principal sanction over the school district is withholding of the grant if standards are not kept.

THE system is a good one. It allows parents (through electing the school board), the Church (through minority schools), and the States (through demanding certain standards) the exercise of their respective rights in education.

It works more smoothly in Quebec than anywhere else in Canada. "The Quebec government, in effect, turns over the running of the schools to the parents and the churches," said Canon G. Emmet Carter, of the Montreal Catholic School Commission. "It places education out of politics and into the hands of a 'Council of Public Instruction,' which is made up of two committees of equal standing and independent powers, one Protestant, the other Catholic. Churches, parents, and educators all have representatives on these committees."

The result is that when seven-year-old Kevin Kane starts off to St. Ignatius Parochial School he can look up at a six-foot-high pile of textbooks which will all be given to him free as he goes through elementary school and high school. His neighbor, John Ross, who is beginning first grade in the Protestant School down the street, can gaze at a similar pile which will come his way. There will be different books in the two piles, but the taxpayers' money will pay for them all.

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is no fee for books or tuition up to the end of second year high. A fee of four dollars per month covers both books and tuition for third, fourth, and fifth high. (Both Ontario and Quebec have a fifth year of high school which is equivalent to first year college.)

SINCE three and a half million of Quebec's four million people are Catholic, it is not surprising that the government does not interfere with the teaching of religion in Catholic schools. But Ontario Catholics are in almost the same position as Catholics in the United States. They number 1.2 million out of a total of 4.5 million. And there, too, the Separate School system leaves Catholics free to give a thoroughly Catholic education in their tax-supported schools.

"The government does not interfere with our teaching of religion or impose unsuitable texts upon us," said Sister Mary Lenore. "Our elementary schools use, for example, the *Faith and Freedom* series of Readers. We have one Religion period daily, but there is no law limiting us to that."

"What kind of supervision does the government exercise?"

"In the Department of Education there is an Assistant Superintendent in charge of our Catholic schools. Catholic inspectors are paid by the government to check on standards up to second year high where tax support for Catholic schools ends. There is only one provincial examination. It comes at the end of Grade Ten, fifth year high."

Sister Mary Lenore was speaking from more than twenty years experience teach-

ing in Ontario Catholic schools. At present she is Principal of St. Michael's High School in Belleville, Ontario. She explained that education, including books, was free for Catholic children in Ontario up to the end of second high. After that, the Catholics had to provide for their own schools. This was one of several points of dissension between Ontario Catholics and their government. She said that she knew of no instance in which their request to have a text placed on the approved list was refused. The one examination which Catholic schools have to take in common with the others is set by a committee from the Ontario universities. Catholics are represented on this committee by St. Michael's College, Toronto, and the University of Ottawa.

The fight of the Ontario Catholics is one for more tax support. They want that support to extend to the end of high school and they want an equitable law about the distribution of corporation taxes. As things stand at present, these taxes go almost entirely to the nondenominational public schools.

These facts represent the positive side of the Catholic position in education. But it would be far from the mark to say that everything in the garden is lovely.

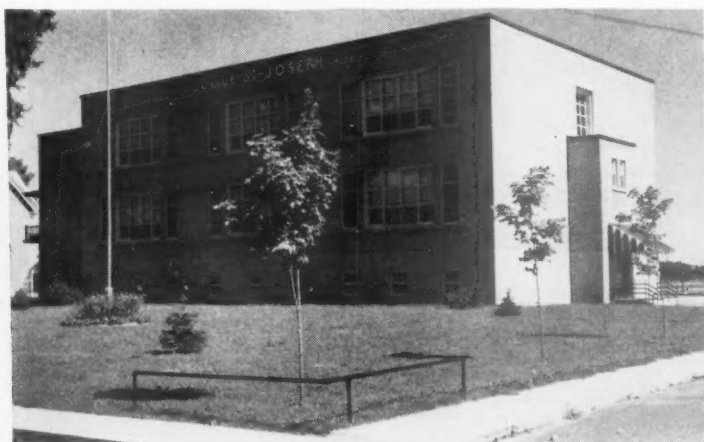
In Canada, as in the United States, many non-Catholics are in favor of a nondenominational public school system attended by all. Many who could not be styled anti-Catholic are sincere in their belief that denominational schools are harmful to good citizenship. They feel that religion is a matter for home and church. But the fairer-minded of

them accept the fact of a separate school system and give full support to the Catholics in their demand for equal treatment.

On the Catholic side, the constant battle for a fairer division of tax money is in itself proof that Canada has no fear of government interference. The battle also tends to obscure the fact that the Catholic schools do receive substantial government aid. Father Dwyer was very emphatic about this. He said, "We sometimes have difficulty when we want to start a separate school. Some of our Catholics object to it because they have acquired the idea that they will have to bear the whole burden themselves. They think the government gives us nothing. And that, as you know, is far from the case. Somebody should clear it up for them."

But one thing stands out. Government aid for Catholic schools does not mean changing those schools into nondenominational schools. The tax-supported Catholic school in Canada is as Catholic as it wants to be.

ENGLISH-SPEAKING Canadians do not all think of this as a blessing they owe to the politically powerful Catholic Quebec. Many of them have come from Britain, where they were brought up in Catholic schools taught by nuns and Brothers yet built and supported by the government. They are inclined to feel that the matter of French and English is rather a complication than anything else. Nor can they understand why, in a democratic country, a taxpayer should fear to accept tax money for the support of his own schools.



If a public school is one supported by public monies, some eighty-five per cent of Canada's Catholic schools could be called public schools

Kevin Kane, starting at St. Ignatius Parochial School, looks at six-foot-high pile of textbooks given to him free



THE BOROUGH JACK RUNS

When Hulan Jack first sailed up the Hudson River, he never dreamed of taking over New York. But today he holds the highest elective office ever held by any Negro in America

—Hulan Jack is the borough president of Manhattan

By William M. Healy

EARLY one morning a few weeks ago, Hulan Jack, a forty-eight-year-old Negro immigrant from the British West Indies, swung his plush swivel chair toward the window and looked out over the world's richest and most densely populated island.

"You know," he mused with a half smile, "it would have been something to shudder over if I had realized that I would some day be the borough president of Manhattan when I first sailed up the Hudson River thirty-two years ago." He sighed and shook his head. "It was beyond my wildest dreams."

As holder of the highest elective office ever attained by a Negro in America, Hulan Jack doesn't have much time for dreaming these days. But there is plenty to shudder about, if he were the type. Twenty floors below Borough Hall the island of Manhattan stretches out like a gnarled finger into the world's busiest harbor. Its 31.2 square miles are assessed at \$8,831,000,000—twice as much as Brooklyn, the borough next in population. It is considered the financial capital of the globe and the Baghdad of the big cities of America.

As Manhattan borough president, Jack holds the purse strings to a five and a half million dollar budget, supervises close to 1,500 employees, is responsible for the housing of two million residents, the condition of 500 miles of streets and sewers, and the unraveling of probably the world's worst traffic headaches.

He is also a member of New York City's top policy-making committee, the board of estimate. As such, he has a two-vote say in the allocation of the largest budget outside of the federal government in Washington. The late Secretary of Interior Ickes' remark that

New York City ought to be made a forty-ninth state is more appropriate than ever.

A devout Roman Catholic, Jack has an ample supply of one of the most important ingredients prerequisite to his office; an affinity for the human race. He considers his daily contact with scores of people the chief compensation for the many administrative burdens of a borough president.

Few altruists are in a more enviable position than Jack. He seems determined to meet every Manhattanite before his four-year term of office expires. Since the swearing-in ceremony on January 1, 1954, Jack has averaged from two to three public addresses daily. His press assistant screens eighty invitations a week, carefully avoiding tainted organizations and the blandishments of club women eager to swell ticket sales.

Communion breakfasts and interracial groups have a special appeal for Jack. A third degree member of the Knights of Columbus and the head of the Holy Name Society of his own parish, Jack finds it hard to resist requests from Catholic lay groups. Likewise, he has rarely turned down organizations devoted to better racial harmony.

Other favorite audiences of his are interfaith councils, teacher groups, labor unions, and, of course, his own Democratic party meetings. The range is wide. One day, for example, he exhorted an installation of the officers of the Associated Grocers of Harlem in the morning. In the afternoon, he addressed a huge throng gathered in Times Square for Veterans' Day ceremonies.

Like other office holders in the public eye, Jack is expected to extol periodically the virtues of the hearth and the American Way of Life. He does so, and in good, time-honored phraseology. Yet there is a ring of sincerity about Jack's oratory that rivets the attention of the most blasé listener.

In addition to being the champion stump speaker of Manhattan, every borough president of the island must resign himself to greeting visiting foreign potentates, laying cornerstones, breaking ground, and snipping ribbons at what are commonly known as "civic functions." Thanks to an almost holy regard for these responsibilities, Jack has probably used more implements in the line of duty than any other man in his position.

The scissors and trowel are the traditional tools of a Manhattan borough president's trade. But Jack has brought into popularity the pneumatic hammer, the acetylene torch, and the riveting gun since taking his oath of office.

Despite the frequency of his public appearances, relatively few of the denizens of Manhattan are able to identify their borough president. A borough civil service exam once asked applicants to identify Hulan Jack in a multiple choice quiz. Was he 1) A TV comedian, 2) borough president of Manhattan, or 3) a fugitive wanted by the FBI?

THE borough president, of course, is overshadowed by the office of New York's Mayor, Robert Wagner. Yet Jack is no Throttlebottom. Between what he terms the "ulcer circuit" and the awesome responsibility of keeping house in the largest metropolitan center in the United States, Jack maintains a man-killing schedule. During the first few months of office, his press assistant was hospitalized by his doctor after

WILLIAM M. HEALY, formerly with Washington Times-Herald and the Voice of America, is now employed in the public relations division of the Grolier Society, publishers of the Book of Knowledge and Encyclopedia Americana.

trying to keep abreast of the boss's sixteen-hour-a-day pace.

Take the housing situation in Manhattan. A Mayor's subcommittee on better housing recently reported that the population pressure is constantly increasing, particularly in Manhattan's substandard ghetto neighborhoods. The committee noted that while overcrowding of the city's white population increased 10 per cent between 1940 and 1950, overcrowding of nonwhites increased 86 per cent. The report also pointed out that one-third of nonwhites live in slums, though they represent only 12 per cent of the population.

Since all housing construction contracts are let from the borough president's office, Jack has a good deal to do with the problem. Before a site is selected, the borough president inspects it and then determines its merits and which company will be awarded the contract. No engineer or real estate expert, Jack relies heavily upon the suggestions of his business advisors before making a decision. Jack favors smaller housing projects. He is against tearing down four or five blocks of the city, since it usually means uprooting residents and relocating thousands of homeless people.

As for ghettos, Jack believes the avarice of men is at the bottom of them. "We must band together to curb the greed of man," he has said. "We must teach people that, after all, they can be happy on less than million-dollar profits. The welfare of the greatest number must come first."

THERE are 75,000 on the New York City Housing Authority waiting list. A considerable proportion of them have heard of Jack's "open door" policy. As a result, the borough president's office usually has a waiting line in front of it. Jack hears out as many requests as he can, decides which ones are worthiest of help, and sends them off with a letter to the assemblyman in their local districts.

Most borough presidents are expected to appoint a certain number of "honorary deputy commissioners" in the Kentucky colonel fashion. They usually receive their badges and are sworn in at the borough president's office amid the popping of photographers' flash bulbs. Ordinarily that ends it. Jack has continued the tradition but added his own original twist—he decided to put Manhattan's honorary commissioners to more useful pursuits.

Shortly after taking office he set up a program called Manhattan Aid to Youth, Inc., "MATY," for short. Consisting of honorary deputy commissioners, MATY's purpose is to pick out a likely looking vacant lot, lease it from

the city for a dollar a year, equip it as a playground, and turn it over to PAL, the Police Athletic League, as a place children can use as a recreational haven from New York's crowded pavements. MATY now has fifty-six honorary deputy commissioners, with Jack as chairman of the board.

Jack has also originated a "government-in-training" course for Manhattan high school and college students interested in the science of municipal government. Every week the students are taken on a conducted tour of one of the borough's various departments. Whether it's the water works or the budget bureau the students are getting a first hand glimpse of, they can ask whatever questions they like of on-the-job workers. Such measures, Jack believes, will take government out of the lifeless textbook atmosphere and improve the general health of the body politic.

One of Jack's biggest headaches is Manhattan's 500 miles of streets covering some 3,000 blocks. He is responsible for seeing to it that every one of them is kept in good repair. After taking office he decided on a bold step. Sticking his neck out, he announced that all street holes were to be reported to the borough office of works. Within hours, the switchboard was flooded. Many of the calls were from people reporting the same hole. Others were from boroughs as remote as Staten Island. Seven

borough employees were immediately dispatched to inspect complaints in every one of Manhattan's 3,023 blocks.

Hulan Jack was born in Castries, the capital city of St. Lucia, largest and most beautiful of the Windward Islands, in the British West Indies. He was one of three sons and two daughters of Reverend Edwin McMillan Jack, an Archbishop of the African Orthodox Greek Commission.

The origin of the name Hulan is lost in family antiquity. All Jack will concede is that it is a prevailing custom in that part of the world to name a son after a distinguished personage. "I can't honestly say I know whom I was named after," Jack told the writer. "All I know is that the custom of naming a child after someone who occupies a special niche in local history is taken very seriously where we came from."

Judging by the reputation he left behind, Bishop Jack is destined to have his own first name used in a lot of christenings. He was already a legendary figure before his death in 1954. The New York City police, according to one story, owe him at least a bust.

On one of Reverend Jack's annual visits to America he was appalled to see New York's "finest" sweating through the summer with their coats on. Bishop Jack's letters of protest to editors and the police commissioner are believed to have been instrumental in permitting



Mr. Jack studies a municipal report while his wife assists son Hulan, Jr., in his studies. Young Jack is a student at Columbia University

New York police to shed their coats during the summer.

Like most young islanders Hulan learned a trade while going to school. He was apprenticed to a printer. What spare time he had was spent in the town library. Looking back on it today, a younger brother, Shirley, remembers Hulan as being on the serious side.

"Sure, he played cricket like every other boy in Castries," says Shirley, "but he spent most of the time hitting the books. I don't think any of us inherited all of my father's qualities. But Hulan's got his drive and ambition."

IF the elder Jack had had his way the boys would have entered the ministry. But when he took Hulan to the states in 1923, that wish was dashed. The youngster stayed on with a friend of his father when Reverend Jack went home.

Almost immediately he enrolled at New York University High School and went to work at the Peerless Paper Box Company as an errand boy. He continued to work for Peerless while attending business school at New York University.

"I worked alongside Hulan for years," said a friend, "and I never saw him eating lunch without a book in his hand." Jack stayed with the box company after graduation. When he was sworn in as Borough President of Manhattan years later, he was vice-president in charge of sales.

Hulan got his feet wet in politics in 1930. In those days Negroes in politics belonged to a segregated organization. Their meetings were almost clandestine, in basements and backrooms. "I rang doorbells, got signatures on petitions, explained the issues to voters, and walked up miles of back steps," he recalls.

Jack's rise in the Democratic Party was made the hard way. After ringing enough doorbells and buttonholing enough voters, he was elevated to inspector, then captain of his district, then elected as a member of the board of governors of his club.

In 1930 he won a seat in the state legislature. He began making a name for himself in Albany, particularly as a legislator on civil rights matters. He fought the 3 per cent sales tax in New York, the 15 per cent rent increase, and the transit authority. He introduced bills to end discrimination in private housing and liability insurance which failed to pass. But he did succeed in getting a bill against discrimination in employment passed in 1945. He also seconded the nomination for Senator Lehman and was picked to make the welcoming speech for ex-president Truman when he visited New York in 1954.

When the Democrats began casting around for a running mate for mayoralty candidate Robert Wagner, himself a former borough president of Manhattan, they picked Jack. Opposed by two other Negro candidates, Elmer Carter, Republican, and Reverend James Robinson, Liberal, Jack coasted to victory on an 80,000 vote majority.

He was sworn into the \$25,000 a year post five times; once for the record and four times for television and newsreel cameramen. The oath-taking may have been the most well-covered U.S. election in history by the foreign press. Eighty foreign reporters were present. The Voice of America beamed a tape-recording of the event to two hundred embassies and legations throughout the world as an example of democracy in action, emphasizing the fact that 87 per cent of the people who elected Jack were not members of his own race.

The borough president's office was deluged with congratulatory messages from all over the world. One expatriate American wrote to say he was returning to the United States, his confidence in democracy strengthened. Others were on the crackpot fringe. A Hamburg, Germany, man wired Jack asking him to "tune" his mind in on his. A week later, Jack got another wire. Please, now that their minds were operating on the same wave length, could Jack let him have \$60 he needed for a course in psychology?

The fact that Jack did not fill the some one hundred appointments that go with his job with Negroes surprised no one who knew him. Yet he has not given up his leadership of the fourteenth district in Harlem.

JACK is too busy holding down the job of borough president to think about his political future. Will we ever see the day when a Negro has a chance to become Mayor of New York? Jack doesn't say, but it is clear that he believes it to be a possibility.

"Such things are bound to come to pass eventually," he says. "But, of course, they will take years. The history of understanding is always a long, slow, winding road. It could get shorter and faster if everyone would only realize that the majority today can become the minority tomorrow. Understanding begins when men respect each other's hopes and aspirations. While I was in the legislature I learned most people really *want* to understand. I also learned that Negroes weren't the only ones who had problems. I never, until then, for example, realized that the Irish were severely discriminated against at one time. I felt a kinship with other groups I didn't have before. It made it easier to make friends and work toward common ends. I would like to be the bridge over which my people can cross to obtain the same opportunities that have come to me."

Hulan, Jr., Jack's son by his first wife, studies engineering at New York University. The borough president has a nineteen-month-old daughter, Julianne Cecilia, by his second wife, the former Almira Wilkinson. His conversion to Catholicism followed this marriage. The first Mrs. Jack died when Hulan, Jr., was three.

Jack's favorite form of relaxation used to be taking his shoes off after a tough day at the office and stretching out in front of the television set to watch a good wrestling or boxing match. Lately, however, he has been getting home too late to even see the late, late show.

That's only part of the price one pays for being elected Borough President of Manhattan.



Open door policy. A group of citizens acquaint Mr. Jack with their views on a proposed municipal project

DOWNFALL OF A DICTATOR

by
**ROBERT X.
YOUNG**



Peron in defeat: When God was in trouble, the people came to His help

United Press

**Catholic rebels reduced Peron to ignominy,
but he was not the only enemy abroad in the land.
The rumbling of revolution can again be heard**

WHEN Perón launched his violent attack against the Catholic Church in Argentina, a wiry, graying Irish Argentine, Lorenzo McGovern, said: "I have been in trouble many times, but God has always helped me. Now that God is in trouble, I will help Him."

But with what? The Catholics found themselves bound and gagged. However, like this Irish Argentine, they decided they would do something about it. It was now or never. Suddenly the city of Buenos Aires was electrified by a little pamphlet—multiplied laboriously by hand, typewriter, or mimeograph—circulating its message of hope.

Soon the country was deluged with pamphlets. Perón and his henchmen laughed. This could do them no harm. Too late, however, they realized it was doing them harm. Hundreds were jailed for writing, multiplying, or distributing pamphlets. Father Michael Fox got three years for something he wrote in the Parish Bulletin. The charge: Attempt against the security

of the State. Rectories, schools, and homes were raided, but the pamphlets continued to flow.

What worried the dictator was the accuracy of these pamphlets. His most secret schemes reached the public before he himself had time to voice them. Thus, early last March, most Argentines had a clear idea of what was in store for them.

This is what the Dictator planned: withdrawal of State recognition from all Catholic schools, taxation of church property, elimination of subsidies to schools educating poor children, separation of Church and State, the conversion of religious orders into lay corporations at the service of the State, and refusal of allegiance to foreign superiors. In the end he hoped to expropriate and nationalize all schools and churches.

ROBERT X. YOUNG, *The Sign's* Argentine correspondent, was an eyewitness of the events he so graphically describes. He is still on the scene and in a future article will describe the events that followed Peron's downfall.

To bring about the separation of Church and State, he would be obliged to change the Constitution, and this he was eager to do, but for a reason he tried to keep to himself. As long as Article 40 of the Constitution stood, there could be no petroleum contract, for it stipulates that anything below the surface is the inalienable property of the Argentine people. Perón simply had to get that article out, and the easiest way to do it would be to make it disappear quietly when changing the Constitution to separate Church from State.

Perón realized that his path would be a difficult one. He wasn't afraid of the people; they were helpless. But he was afraid of the Church and the army. He must discredit the Church still more and demobilize 80 per cent of the army conscripts, retaining only those loyal to himself along with the regular army men he could trust.

When these steps had been successfully accomplished, a clerical plot to kill him would be discovered, followed by

a day of burning, looting, and killing in the *Barrio Norte* rich residential section of the city, with the police as onlookers. The big man, heartbroken, would resign, but his shirtless ones would not hear of it. Perón would bow graciously to the sovereign will of the people. He would abolish the army and set up popular militias. The militiamen would keep arms in their own homes.

Then the factories, industries, and all land would be handed over to the workers. The Catholic Church would be replaced by the new Justicialist Religion, with Evita on the altars. The reform of the Constitution would be carried through, from which would emerge the Peoples Syndicalist State, with Perón in power for ever and ever, a petroleum contract in his pocket and his financial worries at an end.

PERÓN lost no time. On March 20, religious holidays were abolished, but his own and Evita's day were respected. On May 6, all leaders of Catholic Action were jailed.

On May 11, he abolished religion in the schools, yet it was precisely his promise to have religion taught in the schools that won him his victory in 1946. One should also remember that the Catholic Church never requested it. This was the desire of the Argentine people themselves, and over 90 per cent of the pupils attended religious instruction.

Two days later, Perón taxed religious institutions, churches, convents, schools, and even the *acts of worship performed*. This law was made retroactive as from January 1, 1955.

Quoth a Peronista Deputy: "The evil we remedy . . . is a privilege granted to the forces of obscurantism. . . ." Tax exemption, however, was not reserved to the Catholic Church. All other denominations likewise enjoyed it. Note that even the religious ceremonies were to be taxed. The city of Gualiguay immediately clapped a stiff tax on Masses said in the chapel of the local cemetery. This tax was declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court of the Province of Entre Ríos.

On May 19th, deputies voted the reform of the Constitution in order to separate Church from State. To this the Bishops replied that they had absolutely no objection to the separation, insofar as their respective powers were concerned. However, as far as economic separation was concerned, they reminded the Government once more that the financial help granted the Church was only partial restitution for the church properties confiscated by Rivadavia in 1827 and which the present Government still holds and exploits. "All we demand," they said, "is liberty



The work of the desecrators: The high altar of St. Nicholas Basilica in Buenos Aires was left in shambles by Peron's henchmen

for the Church to fulfill her divine mission . . . We deny the charge that we are guilty of an oligarcho-clerical conspiracy . . . against the working classes, to the detriment of social justice."

May 25, Independence Day, for the first time in 144 years the President and his Cabinet failed to assist at the *Te Deum* in the Cathedral.

Meanwhile the press campaign against the church went into high gear. The *Gazeta Riojana* called Bishop Ferreyra Reinalé "*Hijo de puta*," the son of a whore, while *Crítica*, not to be outdone, called the Archbishop of Asunción, "*Un invertido*," a homosexual.

Chaplains and Sisters were ousted from hospitals and orphanages, the crucifix was removed from the law courts, schools, and all public buildings, the oath on the Gospels was suppressed. Deputy Carena was fired because of his religious convictions and two under-secretaries lost their jobs because they wore the badge of Catholic Action.

Perón banned the traditional Corpus Christi procession. Both Cardinal Copello and the Nuncio, Mario Zanin, were of the opinion that it would be wiser to submit. "Let each parish hold its own procession within the church," they counseled. At a dramatic meeting in the Chancery Office, at which several prominent laymen were present, Auxiliary Bishop Tato took his stand. "We will retreat no further," he said. "We are now fighting for our very exist-

ence. Hundreds of our boys and girls are in jail. The people demand action. We will hold the procession."

What Bishop Tato very cleverly did not say was that the procession would be held *inside* the Cathedral. He would call the Catholics out in force and keep within the law at the same time. Soon the city and suburbs hummed with the good news. Minister of Interior Borlenghi fumed: "There will be trouble if you insist." Rumors of violence and bloodshed were then circulated to intimidate the people, while all day long the Government Radio cautioned all to stay at home; there would be no procession.

Fearing the authorities would stop all transportation, 2000 automobiles were readied in the suburbs to take people to the procession. Those living across the river to the south traveled in the early morning before the bridges could be lifted. By noon all trains, street cars, busses, and trolleys were at a standstill and the bridges were up. But mothers and fathers, boys and girls, young and old, trudged doggedly to Plaza de Mayo. By 4:30 p.m. the place was packed. During the procession inside the Cathedral, the people in the Plaza prayed and sang hymns, then slowly paraded in silence down Avenida de Mayo toward the Congress building, where they hoisted the Papal and Argentine flags.

This silent protest was one of the

most impressive things I have ever witnessed. An estimated 150,000 took part, mostly men. The ladies and children retired earlier. The demonstrators marched sixty-seven city blocks before returning to the starting point, Plaza de Mayo.

That night Perón ordered the Argentine flag burned and blamed it on the Catholics. But the general comment was: they have broken his back. Nobody had ever defied the Dictator like that before.

The following evening Perón's thugs attacked the Cathedral. The Catholic boys, unarmed, built a human wall around it while the howling mob hurled sticks, stones, and imprecations at them, and spat in their faces. Only when the Alianza Nacionalista, Perón's élite corps, handed out firearms did the boys retire into the Cathedral and break up the pews to make clubs and await the assault. Tomás Casares, Judge of the Supreme Court, phoned the police. They refused to intervene. When he threatened to call out the army, the police appeared and arrested all the 430 defenders.

During questioning, one of these declared: "I'm not a Catholic, I'm an Anglican." Another: "I'm a Presbyterian." A third: "I'm a Jew." Asked what they were doing there, the Presbyterian, Drysdale replied: "This is a fight between civilization and barbarism. We chose civilization." Later Bishop Tato and Monsignor Novoa were arrested by police with machine guns, handcuffed, rushed aboard a plane, and exiled. The Vatican answered by excommunicating the Perón Government.

Then the Navy, in a desperate effort to eliminate the Dictator, bombed Government House, but Perón, tipped off, had already left in a helicopter. In

the short but bloody fight that followed thousands lost their lives. That evening, at Perón's orders, the most venerable and beloved churches of Buenos Aires were burned to the ground, the Blessed Sacrament desecrated, chalices were used as urinals, and the arsonists, wearing chasubles and copes and mouthing horrible obscenities, danced in the streets. I saw a large pile of chalices, monstrances, and ciboriums thrown on the sidewalk. The firemen and police had orders not to interfere. Priests, Sisters, and Brothers went into hiding, but by the following morning four bishops and nearly every priest in the city and Province of Buenos Aires, including fifteen Passionist Missionaries, were in jail. The object: hostages! They would be slaughtered by the rabble if the Navy did not behave.

YELLED a jubilant Perón, when the danger was past: "Don't waste your powder on vultures, boys. Let me play this hand alone." He then announced his great peace plan. He would retire from the Peronist Party to become President of all Argentines. A little liberty was allowed the opposition, but the Church was not deceived: "August 15, Feast of the Assumption, is a holiday," she warned. "Catholics will not work and schools will be closed." Said Cardinal Copello: "Peace is our aim, but never at the expense of the rights of God and man."

About this time a letter from the Grand Master of the Masonic Lodge of Mexico City, praising the Argentine Government for its wonderful fight against "those parasites" (priests) and detailing the struggle of Mexican Freemasonry to "rid the country of those rats," was intercepted.

Minister Remorino spoke of a Con-

cordat with the Holy See. "We would welcome one," replied the Nuncio, "but first everything must be restored to the state it was in last November."

By now the stage was set for the great farce: Perón's resignation. In a violent speech he forgot all about resigning and instructed his followers to kill their enemies on sight. "For every Peronista who falls," he yelled, "We will kill five of the enemy."

Things looked black indeed. Terror mounted. Army Commanders were changed constantly. Bombs, tanks, planes, and artillery had vital parts removed.

When the Dictator announced the creation of his Popular Militias, the Catholics realized that to save their buildings and their lives they must arm. Gun-running started on a large scale. Civil Commandos and resistance groups were set up all over the country. Boys and girls of Irish descent played an important part in the struggle.

On September 16, saintly Padre Orione's prophecy was fulfilled. "A thin red line of blood stretched from Córdoba to Buenos Aires." The Commando Civil took the city of Córdoba. Boys of sixteen with machine guns held off Government troops until rebel General Balaguer could get through to them. The Navy pounded the coast and blockaded Buenos Aires. The next five days were a nightmare. Of 600 generals in the country only about ten joined the rebels. It looked as though the country was in for a long and bloody civil war with the issue very doubtful. The end, however, came suddenly. Perón had no stomach for a fight. He had plenty of troops and equipment, but the morale of his men was very low. The Commando Civil of

(Continued on page 78)



Wide World

Santiago Cardinal Copello of Buenos Aires: "Peace is our aim, but never at the expense of God and man"



United Press

Expelled Bishops Tato, right, and Novoa: "We will retreat no further. We are now fighting for our very existence"

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by Kermit Shelby

What can a girl do when she wants to get married but fears her going away will hurt?

What can she say to take away the hurt?

EMMA looked toward the young plum trees, wilted in the heat, and tried to pull courage up from the shaky place it lived deep inside her. I've got to tell ma, she thought. Herb will be here in another three hours and I've got to tell her.

What she said was, "Ma, I'll rinse the boys' white shirts. You look tired."

I wish she was rested, she told herself. If she was rested she might take it better. Why am I so scared to tell her, I wonder? Is it because I'm afraid she'll cry?

Julie Gower, the feared one, poked the fire beneath the iron kettle where blankets wobbled in soapy water. She was a wisp of a woman, ninety pounds, with a frail face and an anxious line between her faded blue eyes. Her fragility endeared her to Emma and at the same time made her invulnerable.

Ma's like a soft-shelled egg, thought Emma. I'm scared to crush her. She needs me so. That's why I'm scared to tell her.

"They're fading," Julie said. "But the lye is taking the dirt out." That sentence summed up her life in its long restless war against dirt.

She hasn't whipped me since the Sunday I didn't drop my dime in the collection plate. Emma remembered, because I wanted to save it to buy the red hair ribbon. It's not that I'm afraid of ma personally, just scared of hurting her. If she cries—

Now look here, Emma, she jerked herself up firmly. You're nineteen years old. You're a woman grown. Go on. Tell her about you and Herb. Even if pa is dead, ma's got the boys. Eb and Clint and Charley are every one good farmers. Only I promised pa—

Her mind flew back to that winter day, five years ago. She was fourteen, and ma looked pathetic and lost, her shoulders bent under the black veil at pa's funeral. Emma stood red-eyed, feeling the big hole pa's going had left. She wanted to reach out and touch ma, yet knowing it wasn't her hand ma wanted, but pa's hand. And pa was gone forever. Way down, while she watched, as the organ played muted and they sang the hymn, it was as if pa

spoke to Emma from his dark casket among the flowers. Your ma's a little thing, Emma, pa seemed to be saying. Watch after her. Take my place, much as you can.

I'll look after her, pa, Emma promised fiercely. And now here she was walking out on ma. Fear made Emma's heart pound. Her voice was a whisper. "Ma," she said.

Julie threw chips on the fire, then banged a zinc tub as she turned it over, dumping out the dirty suds. The little chickens went clamoring in alarm, craning their necks at the unexpected deluge.

Emma shoved a chestnut curl back and wrung out a shirt. Her hands were shaking like an old woman's. "Ma, Herb's coming this afternoon." She waited in agony.

"Pesky wind's shifted again. Driving the smoke toward the sheets." Julie hurried to rehang them further down on the long clothesline.

Emma swirled the white shirts around in the water, her eyes blurred. When Julie came back, Emma straightened. She spoke clearly. "He's taking me to the church dinner tonight."

"I heard you." Julie poked the fire with an old iron poker. Her mouth was a small angry "o" in her face.

"Why don't you like him, ma?" Emma asked earnestly. "Herb's a good man. He works hard. His crop is the finest in the country. He—he asked me to marry him." Emma's voice sounded like a man falling down Niagara Falls in a barrel. Lost, and frightened, but no way to stop.

"Well, you're not going to." Julie shook the shirts out fiercely.

"I am, ma. I'm nineteen." Emma stopped wringing shirts. She was trembling all over. Her gray eyes, wide in her flushed young face, begged ma to understand. "You got married when you were eighteen."

"I didn't have a speck of sense, either." Julie hung the shirts frantically, as if pursued by devils. Her veined hands flew like brown birds, snipping on clothespins.

"We're going to get married next month," Emma said.

Julie finished hanging the shirts. She sank down bleakly on the old chair with the back broken off, the one they kept for setting the tub on. She seemed utterly oblivious of the soapy water spilled on the chair. Her eyes, like patches of faded sky, stared at the crystal heat waves above the corn tassels in the path leading toward the vegetable garden. Strickenly, they stared.

Emma knew what ma was seeing. Ma was looking at what her life would be like when Emma was gone. First pa. Now Emma. Ma was looking at the blankness.

"I don't want to leave you, ma." Emma's tone was pleading. "I mean, I wouldn't leave you for anybody else in the world, except Herb. But we—he needs me, ma. I want to be where Herb is. I want to cook his meals and iron his shirts. It's—ma, it's something big and pretty, the way I feel about Herb. It's like smelling roses. It's like being hungry all the time, and nobody but his presence can stop the hunger. Ma, if I stayed on, I'd starve to death. My heart would starve. You see why I have to go to him, don't you, ma?"

Julie tore her eyes away from the shimmering heat. She looked down at her blue-veined hands, then let her wrists fall limply. "Housework and dirt and kids. That's what you're letting yourself in for. You're young. You could have anybody."

"I don't want anybody, ma. I just want Herb."

Julie sat with her head bent, watching the soapsuds that bubbled, iridescent, under the clothesline. Emma's heart went out to her. She wanted to reach out and touch her, as she had wanted to touch her that day. But if she did, ma would cry.

I'm scared to be sorry for ma, Emma said at last. If I'm sorry for her, I'm afraid my pity for ma will be stronger than my love for Herb. I can't live without Herb.

Emma said kindly, "Ma, I'll finish these shirts."

Julie did not answer. She rose wearily from the chair and walked toward the house, her head bent. It seemed to Emma, watching, that ma became smaller.

"You give your life, you cook and penny-pinch and slave, and what happens? Your daughter deserts you"

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY KIDDER

Sunken into herself, and lonesome. She saw the wet spreading on the back of ma's cotton skirt and suddenly ma's need of her seemed too pitiful to bear. Why does Herb's need of me have to be ma's loss, she wondered? How can I do anything that will hurt her?

She wanted desperately to run and bury her face on ma's shoulder. She saw the thin lips tremble, then tighten. She felt guilty of hurting ma. More than that. It was as if, in leaving ma, she was breaking her promise to pa. Ma, don't cry, Emma wanted to say. Please don't cry. I can't bear it if you cry. Instead, she stood very still.

As Emma stood she felt a changing going on inside her. The little girl part of Emma—that part of her that so dreaded to hurt any living thing—stood aside for a bigger, bolder Emma who kept marching toward a goal. At the end of the goal waited Herb.

She could hear ma crying. The sound tore through the bedroom window, like cloth ripping. Ma lay on her bare bed, a forlorn heap in the old faded dress. The bed was stripped to the mattress because every sheet and blanket were in the wash, the bedcovers sunning. The furniture, the dresser and table, all were stripped bare. Like Julie's life. Clean and naked and desolate.

Through the open window Emma could see ma. She looked littler than a pound of soap. So pitifully alone. Emma walked over and stood silently beneath the window. Above her head the climbing rosebush lay wilted in the heat.

"Ma, don't cry," Emma spoke carefully, as one speaks to a child in a tantrum. And even as she spoke, Emma thought it's odd, me telling ma not to cry. It used to be the other way round when I was little, when I skinned my knee. Then suddenly she saw. Why, ma's acting like a child! Just like a kid with a skinned knee. Poor ma.

Julie's blue-veined hand clenched tighter at her side, the only sign she had heard. She's like a stepped-on bug, thought Emma. And I'm the one who did the squashing. I'll never know what she's feeling—until maybe some day when I'm old. Then ma will be gone and it will be too late to tell her. If only I could tell her now. Lord, send me something to say to ma. Something to take away the hurt.

"You can come to see us, ma," Emma said coaxingly through the window screen. "It's only twenty miles. Gee, you can come and stay a week. Just let the boys batch. Do them good." She knew ma wouldn't do it, of course. Imagine what the house would look like after the boys had batched a week!

Julie's head moved on the mattress. She spoke not to Emma but to the empty room. "Last week you were a girl," she said. "Then you had a birth-

day. Now you're leaving me." Her tone said a lot more. It said things like—You give your life to your children; you cook and penny-pinch and slave, and what happens? Your daughter deserts you. Ma's tone accused Emma.

Emma saw she couldn't change ma. But if she kept talking, the same way you talk to a child, in time you could get her attention. Then maybe ma would forget about her skinned knee, which was Emma's going. Pretty soon, if you were clever, you could have a child laughing. If you worked at it, you could.

Emma said, "Ma, there's a lot of things you don't know about Herb. For one thing, he thinks you make the best chocolate cake in the world. He keeps at me to get the recipe from you. Only of course I could never bake a cake like you can. Maybe you'll come bake us one sometime? Herb's ma doesn't know a thing about pickling and spices the way you do. She's fat and jolly but honestly, ma, you ought to see her house. Herb thinks you're the cleanest housekeeper in the state, I bet. I hope I can do half as well. Ma, I can quilt pretty good, but I want you to show me more about dressmaking. I want to make my own clothes. There's

• No matter how carefully we fashion the fabric of peace, there always seem to be some scraps left over.—Pathfinder

lots of things I wish I'd paid closer attention to while I was growing up. If you'll sort of give me a steer now and then, ma, I'll be mighty grateful."

Julie sat up on the side of the bed. She looked at the wall. She went to the tall cupboard and opened it. Her first words wobbled a little, then steadied. "Emma, I'm going to give you the seven-hundred star quilt."

"No, ma!" Emma gasped, astonished. "I always told myself I was piecing it for when you got married. I aim to keep my word."

"But, ma, you put your eyes out, nearly, sewing all those little diamond patches."

Julie shook the dazzling folds out over the bed. The barren room was transformed in a sunburst of color. Deep blue, pink. Dark green, orange. Scarlet, lavender, pale yellow. She regarded her handiwork, troubled. "Emma it's just—" She folded the quilt, turning hurriedly. "The place is going to be lonesome without you, child."

"I'll come home every week, ma," Emma promised recklessly. "I'll make Herb bring me. Every single week."

"I know how that is," Julie said. "It won't last. It never does. Folks forget. They don't mean to. They just do. Kids and diapers, washing and cooking.

Don't I know? I hate to see you shoved into it, child. I—I hoped to keep you young a while!"

"There's no way to stop growing up, ma," Emma said through the window. "No way, I reckon." Julie sighed. There ought to be some way of holding on to it while it's here, though. Some day you'll wish you had."

Emma felt she could trust herself to go inside now. Ma's tantrum was over.

She felt like somebody else as she climbed the front steps. Somebody older. This other Emma. Her step was a woman's step, purposeful.

Something's happened, Emma was seeing. I'm not afraid any more. Maybe pa knows. Maybe he thinks it right for me to go to Herb. after all?

"Ma," Emma said quietly, standing in the bedroom doorway, "Growing up is like dying, isn't it?"

Julie looked up, the folded quilt on her knee. "Why so, child?"

"Well, you have to sort of murder your past before you're free to go ahead with your future," Emma said. "I mean—Don't you see, ma? It's mine and Herb's life, too. But before it can belong to us, it has to be taken from you. I'm sorry, ma. Honest."

Julie lay the quilt aside. She stood up. And Emma was amazed at ma's strength. She was afraid ma couldn't take it. She saw now that ma's strength wasn't physical. It was of the spirit. Ma's words surprised Emma.

"That's a woman's job, giving," ma said. "They took you from me at childbirth, too. It hurts. At that time you think—but anyway, she's mine. A woman's children are just little bits of her own self, Emma. And when one leaves home for good, you think—there goes another piece of my heart. The thing that scares you is, pretty soon you know there won't be any more pieces left. But—" She turned, restoring the quilt. "It grows, what you give."

Emma stood transfixed, as one seeing a miracle. "The giving goes on and on, doesn't it, ma?"

"It goes on. For the young ones." Julie looked down, smoothing a vein in her hand with an index finger.

"Ma—" Emma rushed over to her, hugging ma fiercely. But this time there was a difference in their nearness. They were not only mother and daughter. They were two women of mutual understanding. One young. One older. "Ma, I want to make it up to you, for leaving you," Emma said rushingly. "I just want to do and do for you. I want to pay you back."

"You'll pay it back, child." Ma smiled. "When your own daughter marries. Remember this time while you're doing for her." Ma's tear splashed warmth on Emma's hand. "Giving is a kind of pattern. Life sees to it that we all have a chance to practice."



Positive Catholicism

by **KILIAN McDONNELL, O.S.B.**

ONE day I asked my students which they thought Christ considered the more important: what we must do to be saved (morals), or what we must believe to be saved (faith). The students answered that for Christ both were important. I agreed, but again asked which they thought Christ considered the more important. Ninety-eight per cent of the class thought Christ emphasized morals more than faith. It was a rude awakening for this teacher, because it meant that the teaching of the disciple was not the same as the teaching of the Master.

When the angel appeared to the shepherds on the first Christmas night, he told them, "I bring you good news of great joy." Years later, St. Matthew described Christ's mission by saying that Our Lord went about the towns of Palestine "preaching the good news of the kingdom." Both at the beginning of Our Lord's earthly life, and at the beginning of His public life, what is announced is "good news." Now, in the ordinary estimation of man, laws, prohibitions, restrictions, bans, and anathemas do not constitute good news. They may be necessary, but they are not good news. When Our Lord came, He described the Last Judgment. The Son of Man will say to those on His left hand, "Depart from me, accursed ones, into the everlasting fire." Undeniably we will go to hell if we are seriously wanting in charity, if we commit murder, adultery, and theft. Our Lord said we will go to hell if we do these things, and we firmly believe Him. Though this is part of Christ's message, it does not characterize the good news Christ came to announce.

The good news is Christ. He came to die that we might have life and have it more abundantly. Not any kind of life, but divine life, Christ's own life. When we receive Baptism, we receive the Christ-life which is grace. Then we can truly say that Christ lives in us. Because we have Christ-life, we are children of God with the same rights to inherit the riches of our Father in heaven as earthly sons have of inheriting the riches of

their earthly fathers. During our life on earth we are to grow and mature in the Christ-life. In the Epistle and Gospel of the Mass we hear the life-giving words of Christ. In the Mass we offer up Christ's own sacrifice. We receive the Body and Blood of Christ as our food. In the sacrament of Confirmation we receive the strength of Christ; in Penance, the mercy of Christ. Christ is Himself the bond that unites man and woman in marriage. Holy Orders makes men other Christs so that we always have the power of Christ with us. In Extreme Unction we have the consecration which unites our death to the death of Christ. Then we are led to our Father's house where Christ, who has gone ahead, has prepared a place for us. These are the main truths in the good news.

Christ emphasized these aspects of the good news more than law. He would have been most unhappy to hear Matthew Arnold define Christianity as

• Life's greatest tragedy is to lose
God and never miss Him.

"morality tinged with emotion." And imagine Our Lord's reaction to this definition of a Catholic: He is one who cannot eat meat on Friday, cannot miss Mass on Sunday, cannot divorce his wife, cannot practice birth control, cannot marry before a Justice of the Peace. Would Our Lord recognize in this the good news He came to give? Or imagine yourself as a missionary bringing Christ's message to a foreign land. How enthusiastic for the Faith will the noble pagans be when you launch at them such a barrage of prohibitions as the whole message of Christ? How many converts will you make? Or do not be a missionary. Stay right at home and explain to the noble pagan next door that Catholicism is a collection of desirable things all of which are forbidden. Tell him that Catholicism is something you don't do. Tell him that a Catholic is one who goes about being careful. Do

you think he will be moved to anything approaching admiration?

And what about our own spiritual life? Is the sum total of our perfection measured by how many moral laws we do not violate? If this is our thinking, then undoubtedly we feel that Catholicism is as distinguished a compilation of restrictions as good men have been able to make. We suffer these restrictions as a primitive man resigned himself to the fates. So it must be. If negation is the sum of our spiritual life, we may still fulfill our religious obligations. We merely follow the rutted ways of our fathers. But our devotion has no higher aspiration than decency. In the observance of laws we win the right to be known as men to whom the fundamental decencies are sacred.

IF we think law is the highest good and decency the highest goal, the fire of love will never burn within us. We may attain respectability but not real holiness. And we will never change the world. Respectability, like a sidewalk, is a necessity, but it is not something about which we get apostolic.

I did not suggest to my class that we pad our crosses and walk the comfortable ways of earthly salvation. Christ planted the Cross at the very heart of our faith. We cannot take the Cross away without also taking away the Christ who is nailed to it. But I did attempt to show them that the moral law, pure and simple, is not Christianity. Not that morals are unimportant. Our Lord's words about "everlasting fire" is testimony enough of the eternal earnestness with which he spoke of morality. I tried to show them that formalized morality, pure legalism, morality in a vacuum is un-Christian. As Christians we are moral more because of love than because of law. We do not dumbly obey the moral laws because we dare not do otherwise. We gladly fulfill them because we love Our Lord. And we do not stop here. The good news Christ brought urges us beyond mere obedience to law. We want to serve Christ and give Him glory by striving for perfection.

STAGE and SCREEN

by Jerry Cotter

The New Plays

The Blackfriars Guild chose an especially fine play to inaugurate its fifteenth New York season in Felix Doherty's **SONG OUT OF SORROW**. The Guild offered Mr. Doherty's incisive study of Francis Thompson once before, back in 1941. We called it a fine drama then and can only underscore those comments with added fervor today. Mr. Doherty is a skillful writer who has managed to present the degradation and despair of the English poet's existence, without ever compromising or trafficking with sensationalism. There is also much to be praised in the Blackfriars staging of the play, and a special commendation for Bruce Webster and Lola Lynn, who interpret the roles of Thompson and his benefactress of the London slums. The Guild has presented many fine productions in its fifteen years just-off-Broadway. *Song Out of Sorrow* is one of the very best.

All too few stars have the special spark which enables them to lift a mediocre play into the realm of worthwhile entertainment. Shirley Booth is a member of that charmed circle, as she proves so hilariously in **THE DESK SET**. Founded on the slimmest of comedy ideas, the play skids perilously close to collapse on several occasions, but the valiant Miss Booth comes to the rescue again and again. This time she is cast as the director of a research department in a television network office. The usual bits of humor are extracted from the varieties of office intrigues, mishaps, and politicking that infect big business operations everywhere. Then the villain appears in the form of an electronic brain, which will eliminate the need for human researchers. The climax is amusingly developed, and though the story is almost smothered in the laughs and giggles provided by Miss Booth, the net result is satisfying for the audience. Clean and comic, this *rara avis* of the Broadway stage can be recommended without reservation, especially for those who toil and spin in the departmentalized citadels of big business.

THE VAMP is a musical satirization, slightly oversexed, of the early silent movie era when screen sirens were publicized as Arabian princesses and the flickers were an exciting novelty. Carol Channing is cast as a robust farm girl who becomes the screen's most famous vamp, a lacquered caricature of a dozen silent film luminaries. Though this might have been a rollicking satire, it succeeds only occasionally in its spoofing. The players try hard, but the material is pallid and trite, minus the spark and the biting wit it requires. David Atkinson, Bibi Osterwald, Robert Rippey,



Lola Lynn and Richard Neilson
in Felix Doherty's "Song Out of Sorrow"

Patricia Hammerlee, and Matt Mattox are excellent in supporting roles, and Miss Channing's brittle manner and bass voice is amusing. Without song or story to back them up, however, their efforts are wasted.

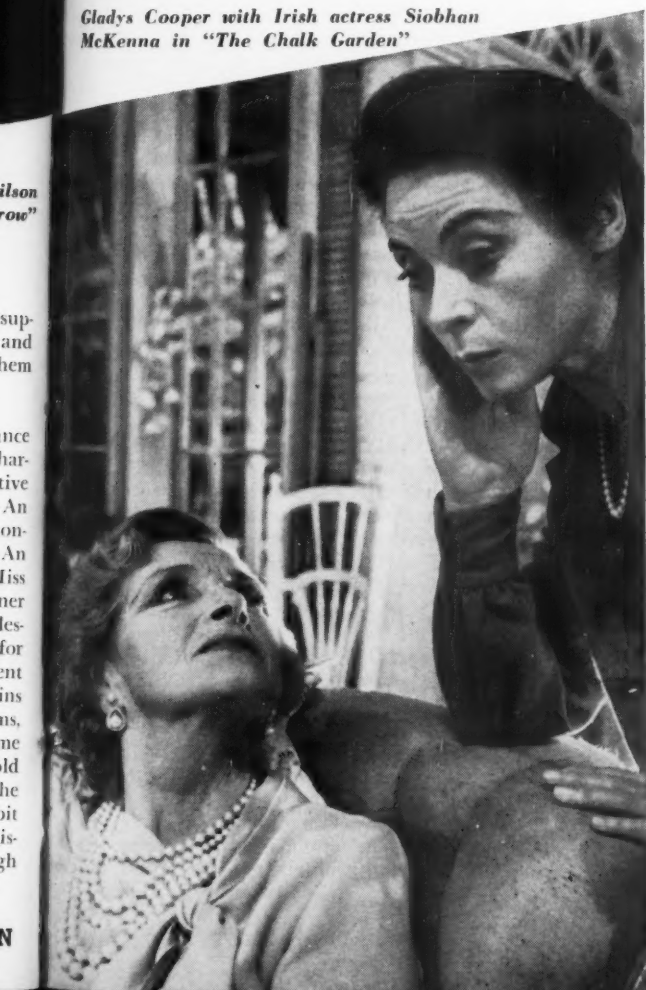
THE CHALK GARDEN, though requiring less assistance from its cast, receives a tremendous lift from the deft characterizations provided by Gladys Cooper and a perceptive young Irish actress, Siobhan (Shi-vaun) McKenna. An unusual comedy by Enid Bagnold, it is set in a Cecil Beaton-style drawing room of an upper-echelon Sussex house. An imperious, eccentric lady of the house, played by Miss Cooper, is more concerned with her failure as a gardener than with the problems and spiritual growth of her adolescent granddaughter. In response to an advertisement for a companion, a rather strange young woman of reticent nature and unusual self-discipline (Miss McKenna), joins the household. It is she who brings solution to the problems, who creates stability in the household, and even offers some hope that the chalk garden may flourish. Miss Bagnold has written a provocative, clever, and amusing play. The dialogue sparkles, and so do the players, from stars to bit performers. This is a comedy-drama for the literate, discriminating adult. We can only hope that there are enough of them available to keep it sailing successfully.

A powerful study of drug addiction, acted with unusual brilliance and directed most skillfully, **A HATFUL OF RAIN** misses a perfect score by a narrow margin. A young husband and father-to-be, caught in the narcotics web, is the principal figure. Played by Ben Gazzara, he becomes a wretched, pitiable remnant of a man, groveling, pleading, wracked with pain, each time the effects of the drug wears off. His sympathetic brother makes the mistake of covering up for him, supplying him with money, anything to keep the tragic news from the boy's wife and father. Shelley Winters, in one of the most surprising performances of recent memory, is magnificent as the young wife who finally turns her husband over to the police for his "one, slim chance." Gazzara, Anthony Franciosa as his brother, and Frank Silvera, as a father who never did get to know his sons, are also magnificent, and there are interesting vignettes by Henry Silva, Christine White, and Harry Guardino. On the debit side is author Michael V. Gazzo's tendency to pepper his dialogue with profanity, vulgarity, and, on one occasion, a reference that is frankly blasphemous. Needless to say, the play would not suffer one whit by the elimination of such lines or the brief obscenities of the scene in which the dope "pushers" get "high" on their own product.

Playguide

FOR THE FAMILY: *Song Out of Sorrow*
(On Tour) *Hear, Hear; Marcel Marceau*

Gladys Cooper with Irish actress Siobhan McKenna in "The Chalk Garden"



FOR ADULTS:

The Boy Friend; The Teahouse of the August Moon; Witness for the Prosecution; The Diary of Anne Frank; The Chalk Garden; The Desk Set; Comedie Francaise; The Lark; No Time for Sergeants

(On Tour) *Anastasia; A Day by the Sea; The King and I; The Solid Gold Cadillac*

PARTLY OBJECTIONABLE:

Plain and Fancy; Inherit the Wind; Silk Stockings; Tiger at the Gates; A Roomful of Roses; Young and Beautiful; The Vamp

(On Tour) *The Bad Seed; Anniversary Waltz; Kismet; The Tender Trap; Don Juan in Hell*

COMPLETELY OBJECTIONABLE:

Fanny; Bus Stop; Cat on a Hot Tin Roof; The Pajama Game; The Heavenly Twins; Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter; A View from the Bridge; Damn Yankees; A Hatful of Rain

(On Tour) *The Little Hut; Tea and Sympathy; Can-Can*

Reviews in Brief

GOOD WILL TO MEN is a brief animated cartoon in which the sole survivors of an atomic war gather in a wrecked cathedral to sing Christmas hymns. These survivors are typical cartoon creatures, mice, dogs, cows, etc., who listen in awe as an elderly mouse tells the story of how men destroyed themselves and their world through selfishness, avarice, and hatred. (MGM)

Claudette Colbert goes Western for the first time in **TEXAS LADY**, a mildly entertaining melodrama in which a lady editor and a professional gambler join forces to save the day for law and order. Though the scriptwriters exhibit a minimum of originality, the slick professional touch supplied by Miss Colbert and Barry Sullivan goes a long way toward salvaging the production. The younger set will probably enjoy this most. (RKO-Radio)

Tennessee Williams' preoccupation with problems of Freudian nature is plainly evident in **THE ROSE TATTOO**, an adaptation of his stage play. While none can deny the Williams skill at recreating vivid portraits, writing trenchant dialogue, and sketching scenes of strong dramatic impact, the fact remains that his material, in this case particularly, just does not belong on the screen. Italy's Anna Magnani was imported to star as a widow living in the Gulf bayou territory, who finds herself involved with a simple-minded truck driver, while still revering the memory of her husband whose ashes are enshrined on the mantelpiece. There is much more of the same, shoddy, but occasionally ignited by the fiery Magnani performance. Burt Lancaster, Marissa Pavan, and Ben Cooper bask in reflected glory, but their performances are believable and expert. The problem here is a basically unacceptable study of animalistic passion and ridiculous overemphasis on sex. The Williams' talent is being dissipated by his



Jennifer Jones creates a moving portrayal of a small-town teacher in "Good Morning, Miss Dove"

preoccupation with unsavory subjects. He should return to the freshness, the honesty, and the emotional power he displayed in *The Glass Menagerie*. (Paramount)

HEIDI AND PETER is a delightful holiday-time treat for the youngsters, a visually beautiful and entertaining sequel to the famous childhood classic, which was so horribly mangled on a recent television spectacular. In this Swiss-made production, the true values of the story have been retained and the result is consistently entertaining for the youngsters and almost equally fascinating for their elders. Heidi is again portrayed by Elsbeth Sigmund with a great deal of unspoiled juvenile charm. Aside from the Disney features, our moviemakers are a long way off in their attempts to woo and win the children's audience, as this proves. The English dialogue has been dubbed in, quite effectively. (United Artists)

LADY GODIVA is less concerned with the sensational aspects of the Coventry legend than with events leading to the famous ride through the streets of the eleventh-century town. Maureen O'Hara is cast as the commoner who marries a Saxon Earl in the days when Norman and Saxon were vying for control of England. The resulting medieval melodrama is fairly interesting, though never above average entertainment. It is presented in good taste for the most part, acted with zest by Miss O'Hara, George Nader, and Victor McLaglen, and should arouse no complaint from the indiscriminating adult audience. (Universal-International)

THE TENDER TRAP is a lightweight comedy all wrapped up in the lush trappings of a penthouse apartment occupied by a determined bachelor. As a holdout against marriage he has had marked success, until a naïve young miss with equally strong ambitions to marry wrecks his resolve and brings the picture to its "happy ending." The perilously fragile plot is padded out with suggestive scenes, questionable dialogue, and the inevitable nonchalant attitudes toward marriage. Frank Sinatra and Debbie Reynolds are the leading players, but as is often the case, supporting players David Wayne and Celeste Holm turn in the really professional performances. (MGM)

GOOD MORNING, MISS DOVE is a warmhearted, nostalgic portrait of a small-town schoolteacher, a woman whose unswerving devotion to duty, discipline, and honor have earned her the title "the terrible Miss Dove." Yet these very qualities have so impressed a long procession of students that their adult lives are often affected by their contact with her. Though the precision and primness seem to be overstressed on occasion, Jennifer Jones creates a sympathetic and quite moving portrayal of the woman whose influence was greater than she realized. Robert Stack, Kipp Hamilton, Marshall Thompson, Robert Douglas, and Chuck Connors are also splendid as former students who have found Miss Dove's influence unshakable. A sentimental journey, generally entertaining despite stilted dialogue and an abundance of clichés. (20th Century-Fox)

Hamilton Basso's best seller **THE VIEW FROM POMPEY'S HEAD** becomes a strangely torpid and unmoving picture despite an interesting theme, intelligent performances, and a generally acceptable adaptation. However, the complexities of the book itself, the tendency toward excessive and often dull conversation, and a marked failure to make the leading roles even partially sympathetic to the audience, defeat the production. A successful lawyer, returning to his Southern hometown on business, resumes an early friendship with a now-married girl. His legal mission takes on a surprising twist, which in turn affects the romancers' decision to return to their respective mates. This acceptance of divorce as a possible solution marks the production as partly objectionable on moral grounds. Its own lethargic approach accomplishes the same result artistically. Richard Egan, Dana Wynter, Majorie Rambeau, Cameron Mitchell, and Sidney Blackmer are much better than their roles require in this offbeat drama which attempts to interpret the complexities of the Southern caste system and the Southern attitude on a canvas that is too small for more than a cursory examination. (20th Century-Fox)

ALL THAT HEAVEN ALLOWS is fashioned solely for the ladies who find radio's serial characters intriguing. Jane Wyman is a widow with two grown children, who falls in love with the gardener's son, a man fifteen years her junior. Her friends and children object when she plans marriage, but as any soap-opera fan, or moviegoer, realizes, such objections are made to be surmounted. Especially when the man involved is played by co-star, Rock Hudson. Though the theme is trite, the production itself is excellent, the acting uniformly good, and the moral values intact. (Universal-International)

An interesting documentary built around the tuna fishers of the Pacific, **THE NAKED SEA** offers a realistic portrait of the commercial fisherman's rugged existence. At sea for months at a time, their ships cruise the waters off Panama and Peru in a dangerous, often monotonous search for the giant fish. There are some exciting moments, a few visually stirring scenes, and a good deal to interest those, of every age, who enjoy the documentary technique. (RKO-Radio)

Liberace, who hardly needs any introduction, is presented to movie audiences in a treacly drama entitled **SINCERELY YOURS**. It has been tailored to fit the peculiar talents of the smiling keyboard phenomenon, and there isn't much more (or less) that you can say about it. Dorothy Malone, Joanne Dru, Alex Nicol, and William Demarest tackle their supporting assignments with grim determination. Could be that they are not Liberace fans either. However, the story is wholesome and there are many, many scenes of monsieur delightfully making his unique musical concoctions. (Warner Bros.)



SERVICE is keyword on "Weekday," hosted by Mike Wallace and Margaret Truman on NBC Radio

RADIO and TELEVISION

by John Lester

THE big international news of the day is TV's role in telling "The American Story" to millions abroad.

As one foreign editor put it, TV is "rolling up the window shades on the American way of life" with surprising and gratifying results—for Americans.

On one occasion, American TV demonstrations stole the show at the Pakistan International Industries Fair, much to the distress of Soviet and Iron Curtain country representatives who had outdoor, truck and auto displays blocked by thousands of converts to American TV.

The Reds and their satellites have dominated this fair in recent years with costly and imposing buildings that housed various displays for propaganda and trade furtherance purposes. The United States was always conspicuously absent. This year, however, a group of fifteen RCA engineers and others, sponsored by the Department of Commerce, staged a five-hour daily TV show designed to "tell adequately the story of our free enterprise system and to provide effective international trade promotion operation."

The shows were also staged in other countries, beginning Sept. 16. By the time the American crews returned home late in December, it was estimated they had played to nearly 15,000,000 people,

most of whom were seeing TV for the first time.

The daily five-hour sessions featured native music, dancing, wrestling, and other sports, puppet plays and American cartoons, which were a big hit. The favorite feature everywhere, however, was the "See Yourself On TV" segment. Even King Paul and Queen Frederika, of Greece, were among the many thousands in that country who watched themselves on TV and enjoyed the experience. But people everywhere, high and low, enjoyed this feature immensely and, according to one informant, "couldn't seem to get enough of it; they constantly paused, giggled and called to their friends to see them."

Even the Department of Commerce acknowledges this recent tour of American TV technicians accomplished things that would take State Department men years to duplicate—pure good will and many yards wide.

Radio Still Tops

It's so easy to lose sight of radio in the light of the sensational things TV is doing these days. But this is neither wise nor fair because radio is doing many sensational things in its own way.

Two-way wrist radios powered by the sun, for example, are closer than many people think.

The "Dick Tracy"-type gadgets have

been in the experimental stage a long time and only the size of power tubes, bulky and heavy by necessity, have been holding up their introduction on a commercial basis. These road blocks were removed recently with the development of the new needle-point-sized power tube and a method by which these can utilize power from the sun.

Successful tests incorporating both—at distances up to 200 feet—have been completed under the direction and supervision of the American Radio Relay League, and scientists are going on from there.

Meanwhile, a sensational new radio for home use, the next thing to perpetual motion, is also in the final stages of tests and should be ready for the public very soon. This set will need neither tubes, batteries, nor electrical connections and will re-charge itself as it plays.

The manufacturer, Admiral, will probably call the set "The Lifetime Radio."

It'll be a small, lightweight instrument, easily portable, with reception quality equal to anything now in operation.

But radio really tops TV in the matter of production.

During 1955, about 8,000,000 radio sets were turned out, against about 4,500,000 TV sets, according to Radio

and TV Manufacturers' Association (RTMA) figures. It's also interesting to note that nearly 232,000,000 radios have been manufactured and sold since the introduction of commercial broadcasting in 1922. TV set sales have totaled about 40,000,000 since 1945, the year commercial video got slowly underway, putting radio set production ahead any way you want to figure it.

Weekday Wonder

NBC has launched a new programing concept on its radio network which it calls *Weekday*, running from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., NYT, Monday-through-Friday.

Margaret Truman is hostess of the series and even though she isn't on the air every minute of the eight-hour, daily time, the assignment still rates as one of the toughest in broadcasting—for a woman.

Mike Wallace, veteran commentator and actor, is the program's co-host.

Weekday was planned and produced with the idea of saving network radio from extinction, now that it's faced with numerous local and comparatively cheap shows that make for tough competition. Whether or not it will do the job remains to be seen, of course, but it is certainly ambitious and interesting enough to merit attention and study.

The network is continuing many established features in their regular time periods and is slanting all additional fare to distaff listeners, in an effort to make the series "both companion and counselor to women everywhere, providing them with entertainment, household and family life tips and, generally, adding to their knowledge of activities and events all over the world."

In short, "service" is the keyword.

Weekday is the outgrowth of NBC's thirty-six-hour week-end *Monitor* pro-

gram, begun several months ago on an experimental basis.

Many NBC affiliates still aren't convinced of its effectiveness, however, and concerted opposition from this direction could eventually jettison the whole idea, although that remains to be seen, too.

But NBC, which pioneered network radio, doesn't intend to abandon it without a battle and the entire broadcasting industry is watching with interest.

"The Christophers"

The excellent "Christopher" series, subtitled "What One Person Can Do," is now in its fourth and most ambitious year on TV, beginning with a group of twelve half-hour films of informal readings on George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Robert E. Lee, and the 56 signers of the Declaration of Independence.

These are now showing on 364 TV stations around the country and a second and similar group is in preparation on Thomas Jefferson, Stonewall Jackson, and John Adams, among others.

Headed by Father James Keller, "The Christophers" are producing these special historical films to give every American a more detailed knowledge of the personal attitudes of our founding fathers and to highlight their deep spiritual insight and strength of character, all an integral part of our American heritage.

The first program in this double-series was given a test-showing on scattered stations around the country last Feb. 22, Washington's Birthday, and reactions indicated many viewers gained information concerning "the Father of our Country" that had never before come to their attention. Additional programs were completed during

the following months, each offering conclusive evidence that everyone of our great Americans, without exception, had a profound respect for God as the Author of our liberties and made many personal sacrifices to assure for his countrymen a share in the blessings of freedom.

Nearly 100 movie and stage stars and featured personalities will have participated in these films when production is complete early in 1956.

The aim of "The Christophers," a no-membership, no-meetings, no-dues movement founded in 1945, is to encourage Americans everywhere to show a personal responsibility in raising standards of government, education, entertainment, literature, and labor relations through wider knowledge of these elements of our national life and a direct participation in them.

This policy was extended to TV about five years ago with enormous success—"Christopher" programs are also on 1016 radio stations in this country and Canada—and, even though Father Keller had no previous experience in the medium and knew few showpeople, he soon assembled the largest staff of free talent in its history.

He also produced some of TV's outstanding shows.

It would seem he'll have others in these two new groups of films.

As We Were Saying

Almost as if in answer to a need expressed here several weeks ago, a firm to produce Negro programs and films for TV was formed by H. Leopold Spitalny, Warren Coleman, and Noble Sissle, with whom I'd previously discussed such a project at some length.

The firm, called "Splendora," plans to treat Negroes "as an integral part of the



YOUNG COMES BACK—Alan Young, one of early TV's top comics, plans an immediate return to the medium. He's shown in rehearsal for filmed show with Susan Morrow. Canine scene-stealer is "Sahib"



HAPPY NEW YEAR—Bill Bendix, as "Riley," seems to be briefing Henry Kulky, who plays the role of Otto Schmidlapp on the TV family-situation series, on the correct way of celebrating New Year's Eve



FOILED AGAIN—"The Kingfish" (Tim Moore) can fool some people—namely, "Andy"—all the time, but the schemer can't fool his wife "Sapphire," (Ernestine Wade) on TV's "Amos n' Andy" show

American Scene." Negro men and women will be depicted in their normal environments, pursuits, and experiences, with stress on their natural flair for drama, humor, music, and dancing.

A special series of documentaries, free of preachment, will be produced in an attempt to correct the volumes of misinformation circulated about Negroes since they were brought to this country as slaves about 200 years ago.

Fight Fans Complain

TV viewers are complaining to stations, networks, sponsors, columnists, etc., about press photographers at fights who rest cameras on the ring apron in anticipation of a knockdown or knock-out.

Several fighters have suffered injuries lately by stumbling over or falling on cameras in full view of millions of fans.

The complainants point to controls extended over other sports for the protection of participants and insist such out-of-bounds tactics by photographers—or anyone for that matter—would never be allowed on a gridiron or ball diamond where play is frequently stopped to retrieve a piece of paper!

It's to be hoped that this abuse will be taken care of, along with several others, when the fight game is revised as a result of other pressures by viewers.

The Pope and TV

Pope Pius XII delivered more views on TV during a recent address before Europe's General Assembly of Radio and TV Broadcasters at Castel Gondolfo.

TV's chief aim, the Pontiff said, should be to bring people of all nations closer together and remove obstacles to peaceful coexistence. He added the medium should also be used to supplement education in schools (not replace it), to bring families closer together with good, wholesome entertainment and to spread the word of God.

The Big Switch

These pronouncements of the Holy Father recalled the viewing-with-alarm undertaken in the early days of TV by Parent-Teacher groups, which issued frequent claims and contentions that the medium was hurting studies of school children.

But times change and now a California Congress of Parents and Teachers' survey shows TV doesn't hurt studies at all! Furthermore, the Congress is standing solidly behind its new findings.

The survey breakdown shows 82 per cent of parents contacted don't feel school work suffers because of TV view-



"THE GREATEST"—Titian-topped Janis Paige, star of CBS-TV's "It's Always Jan," has been tagged as "the greatest untapped talent in show business today" by TV star Danny Thomas, who should know

ing (the average child watched two hours a day), and a whopping 87 per cent feel TV actually benefits young people!

It's good to see Parent-Teacher groups coming around to a more sensible way of thinking in this regard, but their findings are hardly news to those of us who understood TV's real purposes and potential from the beginning.

In Brief

Bing Crosby's on-again-off-again CBS-TV "spectacular" version of the Broadway musical, *High Thor*, has finally been scheduled for March 10. Rehearsals are now going on. . . . *Radio Free Europe* is known as "Vitamin R" in Budapest. The "R" stands for "Radio," "Resistance," and "Reactionary," the latter meaning a "loyal" or anti-Communist Hungarian. . . . Room service in one New York hotel, the Governor Clinton, has increased 55 per cent since color TV sets were installed. . . . A move is underway to get FCC permission to allow all FM radio stations to close down Sundays. . . . *The \$1,000,000 Show*, which will have a jackpot that size, will originate from CBS-TV's Hollywood studios, beginning soon. . . . The Boy Scouts of America teleseries is being held up until a suitable sponsor can be found, either of an institutional or foundational nature. Working title of the series is *For God And Country*. . . . New show: *Johnny Moccasin*, which will premiere soon, will tell the story of a white boy who is raised by Indians. . . . The latest on Danny Kaye is he'll do *The Pied Piper of Hamelin* on NBC-TV when he's ready to make his teledebut.

Paul "Pops" Whiteman favors Jackie Gleason to star in the remake of his film biography, *The King Of Jazz*. . . . Comedian Danny Thomas' square name-

"Muzyad" (Jacobs), means "Extraordinary" in Arabic. . . . Rocky Graziano, of the *Martha Raye Show*, is up for a Paramount Picture starring Jimmy Stewart. . . . Doris Day, who still says no "live" TV for her, wants to make a movie with Perry Como. . . . The Hollywood Chamber of Commerce has officially appointed Liberace as the movie capital's "Ambassador of Good Will." . . . The major TV webs are trying to outbid each other for Audrey Hepburn and Mel Ferrer for a "spectacular." . . . Steve Allen and his *Tonight* crew will fly to Madrid in January to film sequences for the late evening series. . . . Several TV networks are considering series on America's major cities, an expansion of the "salute" idea featured on *The Amateur Hour* for about twenty years. . . . Syndicated sports columnist Red Smith, also of *THE SIGN*, has a filmed teleseries coming up that will deal with little-known and unusual aspects of sports. . . . Imogene Coca plays the trombone in her new night-club act which she's breaking in for TV.

Jon Hall's new TV series will be called *Knight of the South Seas*. . . . Serge Prokofiev's opera, *War And Peace* (based on the Tolstoy novel) will have its American premiere on NBC-TV April 8. It will run at least two hours and probably longer. . . . Ralph Edwards is lecturing on *This Is Your Life* behind-the-screens these days. . . . Pat Breslin, Jackie Cooper's co-star on *The People's Choice* program, is the daughter of New York Special Sessions Judge Edward Breslin. . . . Tony Bennett wants to try his hand at TV dramatics next. . . . Virginia Bruce will hostess a TV series titled *Diary of a Woman*, which is all about a lady who runs a hotel and gets the most interesting (and sometimes dangerous) guests. . . . Brian Donlevy is reactivating his TV production company, Donlevy Developments, Inc., to do a series titled *The Voyage of the Golden Shark*. Zachary Scott is being sought to star. . . . Wayne Morris will call his long-delayed program *The Adventures of the Big Man*. . . . Many more film features are slated for release to TV in 1956. Hollywood will really let loose this time.

Jack Benny is preparing a big variety show for the BBC-TV. . . . Walt Disney has ambitious plans to invade Spanish TV. . . . Gabby Hayes is scheduled for a revival on TV. Nice man, even though he can't stand horses. . . . Just for the record: There are only 40,000 color TV sets in operation throughout the country, although experts predict 3,000,000 yearly sales by 1958, by which time the industry will have its color campaign in full swing.



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by Catherine Sheridan

I think it was coming down on the train that I began to remember her. It must have been that and the old, half forgotten places, the sense of return, the feeling of time moving ever so swiftly and inexorably along with me like the train itself.

It had been a long time, I knew, a long time, since I'd thought about the "old" days—and about a little girl named Barbara. But as the train crossed the river and swung past the factories and the streets, with their dingy, run-down

An odd quietness had come over the sixth grade then. It was there—you knew and felt and almost touched it. But Sister Mary Francis only shifted her glasses high on her strong, broad nose and opened the spelling book, briskly turning the pages.

"Now then, page twenty-seven and we'll start with you, Elizabeth."

I remember standing up and the worn, well-used book held tight in my hands. I was wearing a brown, pleated skirt that my sister Jeannie had out-

"She makes me sick," I thought, biting into the hard, sweet bitterness of the apple Mama had given me that morning.

Helen came up beside me. Then Rose; then Ann.

"How do you like her—"

"A pink party dress to school—"

"The way she looks at Sister—"

And then at last, the harsh, little-girl judgment that was so final, that was to set her apart from the rest of us.

"Sister's pet!"

At three o'clock, her mother called for her. I remember coming out on the street, the pushing, laughing crowd with our books under our arms.

The woman stood at the curb. A tall, handsome woman in a black coat and an odd, feathered hat with a veil.

"Barbara—" She came quickly, gloved hands reaching toward the little girl.

"Barbara dear—are you all right?"

I remember staring. Mama was forever telling me how very rude it was, but I had forgotten. All the time they were there, I just stood and stared.

"Lizbeth," Helen nudged my arm, "Come on now, will you! I have to go to the store!"

Slowly, I moved away. All the way to Peterson's Market and the wind turning colder and colder, I kept thinking, wondering about this new, strange, little girl.

And then we were in the store and Mr. Peterson was giving us each a chocolate cracker and we began to talk and laugh, just the two of us.

"Sister's pet!" we said scornfully.

SITTING now in the crowded, brightly lit train, I found it difficult not to smile.

Horrid, dreadful little urchins, I thought. And then—were we—were we really? I sat very still for a while thinking.

Then the train was coming into the station. I gathered up my things, pulled on my gloves.

When I came down the stairway, the air was cold and damp, the way it was that winter long ago.

There was a row of dingy-looking taxis lined up at the curb and I climbed into the first one.

"Jefferson Street—Saint Anthony's Convent, please."

I leaned back against the coldness of the leather cushion. The packages I held on my lap. The little pile of boxes

Her name was Barbara—small, well-bred, and shy.

And we were childishly cruel. But that was long ago

houses, secondhand shops, and small, old grocery stores, I found myself remembering it all again. And remembering Barbara.

It had been a long time. I kept reminding myself of that. And Barbara was only a little girl then, like myself. Like Helen and Ann and Rose and all the rest of us who went to school together that November, years ago. Saint Anthony's, the red brick building—you can see it now, hemmed in by tenements and run-down brownstones and paper-box factories. They weren't there then, that is, there weren't the paper-box factories and the grimy tenements. And the brownstone houses were neat and very fashionable, with long lace curtains showing impressively through clean, wide windows.

It was the sixth grade, I remember, the sixth grade and it was November and Sister Mary Francis was our teacher.

I remember the day that Barbara came. I can still see the starched pink dress that she wore and the ruffles and the buckskin shoes, the stiff, pink ribbon tying the row of yellow curls.

"Barbara—I think I'll put you right here—" Sister Mary Francis was saying.

She lifted her hand and the sleeve of her robe was like a brown wing, pointing. The eyes of all the children were wide now, wide and watching. They saw the little girl seated in front of Sister's desk, the thin legs and the pink socks and the spotless, buckskin shoes, sliding themselves into the best and favored seat in the classroom.

grown and a middy blouse and black shoes and socks.

"Architect—" I said, "a-r-c-h-i-t-e-c-t."

My voice was loud, I could hear it, the singsong pattern it made of the letters.

As I sat down, Helen nudged me and stood to take up the chant.

It went on down the line and after a while it came to the new little girl—to Barbara. Stillness touched the room again. I was oddly aware of it and the glimpse of heads lifting, watching.

"Barbara now," Sister Mary Francis said.

"Barbara—child—"

My fingers closed hard on the book. A feeling of resentment and dislike seemed to rise up inside me and I didn't understand it.

The little girl stood, the pink dress and the ruffles spreading out like a fan.

"Appreciate," she said slowly.

I listened to her spelling it, the well-bred, correct, little voice so low you could hardly hear it.

It shook a little, I thought, as she came to the end and I heard Helen's amused snuffle from behind me.

"I think she's going to cry," Helen whispered.

The pink dress moved, went back slowly to its place. And Sister Mary Francis was smiling encouragement.

At recess time, I knew I had already begun to dislike Barbara.

ILLUSTRATED BY JON NIELSEN

with the plain handkerchiefs and gloves, the chocolates, the new book Helen had been wanting for ever so long.

Helen—I keep calling her that. And I suppose in my own mind she will never be anyone else. Even though she is now Sister Felicia in a brown robe and veil and the dark eyes still shining at you with all their old, quick humor.

I shifted the parcels, stared out the dirty glass of the taxi window. The driver made a sudden, grinding turn. When I sat up straight again, I could see the old, familiar streets, the little square of park, drab and bare now, with the trees all gone and gray stone benches lined up carefully.

I watched for the street signs. Campbell—Bellmore—Hill Street. Again time seemed to turn, go quietly back on me and I could only look down each of them, thinking, remembering the little girl Barbara and how it was.

She lived on Hill Street in one of the apartment houses torn down years ago to make room for a parking lot and a gas station.

The first floor, it was, the first floor with windows facing the street and long lace curtains hanging straight and stiff behind the shining glass.

"They live there," Rose told me. "Her and her father and mother."

"Do they?" I remember looking up, feeling awed and a little envious because there were never any lace curtains at our windows.

"Yeah. And she's kind of sick and her father's a teacher so he gives her lessons when she can't come to school."

Barbara missed classes a good deal of the time. Days when it rained or snowed or was bitterly cold, the seat in front of Sister Mary Francis would always be glaringly empty. As the term wore on, we became accustomed to it. And after a while, no one paid much attention any more to Barbara—no one, that is, but Sister.

She came and went, a thin little girl in a succession of pink and blue and yellow starched dresses, stiff hair ribbons and white buckskin shoes. Once, she wore a wrist watch, I remember, a small

gold one with a black ribbon band encircling the narrow little wrist.

None of us owned one and I couldn't seem to take my fascinated eyes from it as it glinted and shone with each movement of her wrist.

When recess time came, she was standing beside me at the water fountain. As I turned, I saw her eyes, the soft look of them and the shy, hesitating, little smile that I always returned so half-heartedly.

"Lo, Barbara."

"Hello, Elizabeth."

I started to move away. Helen was waiting for me in the school yard and we had some carefully saved jelly doughnuts and caramels to share.

"Elizabeth—" I saw her hand moving and the watch all shining.

"Elizabeth—it's a present, but you could wear it a while, if you like."

Her voice was quick, eager, urging me to take it.

I looked at her in silence, my thoughts pulling at me in ways I couldn't seem to understand. I tried to say something,



Barbara's voice shook near the end. "I think she's going to cry," Helen whispered

but the queer, tight feeling stayed inside me, held me.

After a while she moved and I saw again the starched dress and the ruffles, the matching blue hair ribbon, the gloss and shine that were all part of an alien, little girl.

Then I shook my head and the braids swung out in two dark wide arcs. I was saying breathlessly,

"No—no, Barbara, I can't! Besides I might even break it!"

I TURNED, ran swiftly toward the door and the shouting, laughing group of middy blouses and dark serge skirts.

After that, she never tried to make friends with me again. She stayed mostly by herself, and sometimes you would see her walking or talking with Sister at the back of the schoolyard.

That January, it snowed a great deal. Helen and Ann and Rose and I would take our sleds up to the top of Hill Street and come gliding down the long, steep hill.

I remember one of the last times we did it. Sitting here now in the taxi, with the presents for Helen on my lap and the old, forgotten streets going past the grimy windows.

"Race you down," Helen said.

"Who'll push?" Ann wanted to know.

Rose stood by laughing, a fat, grotesque figure in a purple plaid coat and ear muffs.

All afternoon we were at it. We puffed up the hill, breathless, red faced, our hands cold and stiff in the wet mittens.

"One more ride," we kept saying, "Just one more ride!"

And then darkness began to come and suddenly we were cold and our fingers too frozen. We started down the hill, the sleds dragging after us. At the end of the street, we stood, making promises for tomorrow.

"See you at the same time," Helen said.

"Don't be late!" Ann and Rose chorused.

I trudged away, my legs pushing through the snow drifts.

And I'll never know just how it was then that I looked up suddenly and there was the house and the wide, high stoop and the shining windows with the ecru lace curtains. Sitting there watching us and a white woolly sweater wrapped well around her, was Barbara.

For a moment, I stood, not moving and the cold sharp wind blowing open my worn, brown coat.

Barbara, I thought, and then the rest of it came swiftly, unhesitatingly into my mind. Barbara—poor, little Barbara.

It was queer then. I had never thought of her like that before. Now here I was, a shabby, cold child in made-over clothes and a drab, knit cap, dabbing at a wet nose with my coat sleeve and I was saying it to myself. Poor Barbara.

Unaccountably, I found myself waving at her—waving and smiling and pointing to the ridiculous cap that kept coming down halfway over my eyes.

I waited for her to smile. If she doesn't—if she looks away—I thought, but the idea was unbearable and I pushed at it with all my mind.

Then I saw it, the shy, wavering touch of it moving across the pale, small mouth. She made a gesture, her hands were raised, they waved at me and the ecru curtains stirred stiffly behind her.

Still smiling, I began to walk away. My fingers pulling the rope of the old sled were like bits of ice, stiff, unbending, never, it seemed, to thaw out again. But inside—inside I was suddenly and strangely warm.

Barbara never came back to our

• Pleasant memories must be arranged for in advance.—Ray D. Everson

class. The winter passed. There were rumors, all sorts of them, and sifting through them was the story that she and her parents had finally gone to California to live.

When the spring term began, another little girl sat in her place. A fat child named Lucy, with straggling, brown hair and a middy blouse and skirt like the rest of us. And after a while, we forgot about Barbara.

I stared confusedly at the taxi driver's broad back and the checkered cap and waited for him to grind to a stop.

"All right, lady," he said.

Going up the convent steps, I kept thinking that I might talk about it to Helen. I would ask her if she ever remembered the sixth grade, a winter's day long ago and a little girl named Barbara.

The convent parlor was dark and warm and still. Somewhere a bell rang, a door closed quietly and then there were the footsteps, quick, light, moving along the carpeted hallway.

"Lizbeth—dear—"

We kissed each other and I was aware of the clean, fresh smell of soap mingling with my new, gardenia perfume.

Helen sat opposite me. The packages were opened and we talked and laughed the way we always did whenever we managed to see each other.

When it was almost time to leave, I asked her.

"Helen—do you remember? I've been meaning to ask you, especially now that you're back at Saint Anthony's. We were in the sixth grade and Sister Mary Francis put a little girl in the special seat—"

"Barbara," Helen said quickly, "Yes, I remember. Barbara."

There was a silence then and for a moment we were no longer two women, plump and sedate and a little bit tired.

"Barbara, the poor child," Helen said.

I looked at her, saw the dark eyes filled with a sudden tenderness.

"We were dreadful, Lizbeth, simply dreadful! But there was one time, once, I remember and it was snowing and we came down Hill Street—"

I caught at the words. Suddenly, it was very important for her to go on.

"Yes, Helen?"

"She was in the window, when I turned to go home. Just sitting there, watching, staring out at us. And I waved, Lizbeth, I waved and waved until my arms were sore!"

An odd quietness stretched between us. Somewhere in the hall outside, a clock chimed, footsteps moved swiftly, softly, along the worn brown carpet.

I looked across at Helen and knew somehow that she was waiting. She was waiting for me to tell her.

After a while, I smiled. And it was strange that I should be so grateful that I was able to say it.

"Helen, so did I!"

THE convent door had closed behind me. Small, wet flakes of snow touched my face and hair, lay briefly on the fur of my coat.

"Taxi, lady—"

I climbed in and the stale smell of cigarette smoke was all around me.

"The Terminal, please," I said hurriedly.

My handbag was damp. I pulled at it, got out the timetable Steve had given me that morning at breakfast.

The 4:26, I thought, the 4:26.

Dimly, I saw the signs. Campbell, Bellmore, Hill Street. We went past them. Frowning, I looked back at the timetable again.

Then the snow struck hard against the windows and the streets were a blur, a dimness, part of a time that was ever so long ago.

Suddenly, I was thinking of Steve and the children. The children and home and rubbers and snow suits. Meat loaf, I thought, meat loaf and baked potatoes, the line of damp clothes waiting for me in the basement laundry.

When the taxi pulled up at the station, I paid the driver, hurried out.

And as I turned away, I could see it only dimly. The tower of Saint Anthony's, faint, far away, elusive now, shrouded in the snow.



DIVORCE

A non-Catholic, speaking from bitter experience, movingly tells why she has come to believe that a divorce is the unhappiest solution to the difficulties of marriage

by JOANNE MITCHELL

Photographs by Jacques Lowe

LET me confess at once that my parents are divorced and that I am not a Catholic. I was an infant when my parents separated permanently, so that a loving, united family became an unattainable mirage. My misery had ample company. Fully half of my childhood friends had divorced parents. Some had to get used to one or more step-parents. Some, like me, had to relinquish our fathers forever or see them only on Sunday afternoon visits. We all lived scrambled lives in a world—a lonely, empty world—not of our making.

But our parents, too, were victims, not only of themselves, but of the restless, freedom-seeking, supposedly enlightened period following the first world war. They were, I know, honestly trying to do their best for us according to their lights. But those lights were dim, a sort of chiaroscuro murk at best. I remember the time a woman psychiatrist described to a circle of close friends and acquaintances, of whom I was one, how she had handled the problem of her own divorce. According to her own description, she had handled it sensibly.

"I told my son and daughter," she explained, "that Mummy and Daddy could no longer get along together, so we would live apart from then on. But I also pointed out that it didn't mean Daddy was deserting them, that he still loved them very much.

Then a strange, shocking thing happened, a thing that perhaps only a psychologist, a master analyst of the human soul, could understand. An instant after finishing those words, she

burst into bitter tears and exclaimed, her fists clenched: "But why did he leave me, me? Why, oh God, why?"

The shock was all the greater when I learned, later, that her divorce had occurred *twenty years before*. The wound was still fresh, still, painfully, a mortal one. I knew then that there can be no such thing as a divorce intelligently conducted or recovered from, as one might recover from a cold. Divorce, I saw, was a serious operation that, in its way, is almost always fatal and invariably leaves scars.

Having lost my parents to divorce, I might have been expected to grow up hating the very word. I was not so wise. The arguments for divorce can sound logical and very, very convincing. And I heard them often as a child listening at the feet of adults. They considered it stupid, demeaning, inhuman, "cutting your own throat and that of others" to continue to live with a faithless or improvident or just incompatible husband or wife. Why suffer, they said, such grave, misery provoking faults, when divorce brings freedom to find others who can make the divorced ones happier? I heard, too, that it was common, scientific knowledge that children caught in the unresolved crossfire of their parents' conflicts were damaged beyond repair; that divorce, therefore, was a remedy for all concerned, children and parents.

All this I believed, though I had moments of doubt and bitterness.

When I grew up, I was confident that the pitfalls of marrying the wrong man, of being involved in the tragedy of an

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When I fell in love and married, I was suddenly frightened. What would happen if my husband of m

unfortunately mismatched marriage, could not be my fate, for I knew there would always be an out—divorce. When I fell in love and married I was suddenly frightened. What, I asked myself, would happen if my husband tired of enduring some of my faults? Suppose he wanted to divorce me someday for reasons I couldn't foresee?

Almost instantly, the handy gimmick that had seemed to me a safety device, a door leading from a burning, doomed mansion, became a dreaded threat. It now seemed a time-bomb that could blow a family apart through slow fear, uncertainty, and distrust. The moment I felt this I knew there could be no "safety" in realizing that a husband or wife was "free" to leave a marriage should they tire of it for any reason.

ALIGHT burst upon me. No wonder, I thought, the accumulated wisdom of the millenia bound us to the one we marry "for better or for worse, in sickness and in health, until death do us part." Fortunately for the stability of our first months of marriage, my husband had no such shallow notion that a spouse could be discarded any more than children could be turned out because of displeasure with them, because they might prove to be burdensome, or because they didn't happen to "fit in" or be compatible with a family relationship.

I was still willing to concede, however, that divorce might be the solution for the "crack-up" of other marriages. I had witnessed, for instance, the slow, painful disintegration of a friend's marriage. Her husband went from surliness and bad temper to sinking lower and lower on the job scale. Finally he stopped working altogether and started heavy drinking. For a while, my friend managed as best she could, finding work she could do at home while she cared for her infant daughter. Finally, her hope, her courage snapped and, taking the baby with her, she divorced her husband. One couldn't help feeling compassion for her or feeling that divorce, in her case, seemed logical.

I know now that it wasn't.

She married a few years later. Her second husband was a highly successful business man. They lived in an exclusive suburban area, had cars, servants, and a governess for her daughter. But she wasn't happy. A psychiatrist told her: "Mrs. B——, you're a very fortunate woman. You feel there's some-

thing missing in your life, that your second husband is at fault. I know you're wrong. He's a fine, hard-working fellow. Thank God you have him."

Which, of course, answered nothing. The second husband had certain small faults which his wife couldn't put up with. The moment I realized that, I saw how false both her marriages had been, for she had fought for neither. She had made out—and very convincingly too—her first husband's faults to be grievous ones. But in both marriages she had been concerned only with her happiness. And happiness was now impossible to her, in any marriage.

Divorce undoubtedly is indulged in largely by people such as my friend. Her sort swell the ranks of those it has condemned to a life of spiritual loneliness, to an inability any longer to taste those joys that can come only out of responsibility and sacrifice. Any normal adult knows, of course, that there are no other joys than those leavened and sweetened by our own toil and efforts. The divorced never learn this simple lesson. They see the fault in everything but in themselves and in their own selfishness and thus can never hope to solve their own dilemmas until they see (to twist Shakespeare to a useful occasion) that "... the fault, dear Brutus, lies not in our stars, but in ourselves."

In marriage, we "get" nothing without putting something—and mainly ourselves—into it. In the marriage ceremony we take unto ourselves another person's life in its entirety. It is up to us to cherish that life, care for it, comfort it, and give it what joys are in our power to bestow. For only thus can we ourselves be enriched with the same cherishing and care that, cast as loaves of love upon the waters, flow back to us increased a thousandfold. Marriage is perhaps a paradox, in that it is the only condition of life and matter wherein the whole, by sane and spiritual husbandry, becomes far greater than the sum of its parts.

Divorce first diminishes that greater whole, then destroys its sum absolutely, leaving less than nothing to husband, wife, and children. Divorce creates a bottomless hole that nothing can fill.

But what of the marriages that were "wrong," that were "mistakes" from before their beginning? These marriages happen. Out of haste, out of lack of judgment, out of a desire to get away from some unpleasant situation. On the face of them, such marriages seem

thoroughly doomed at the very start.

The very opposite can be true in every case if the marriage partners can see the logic of making the best of a situation instead of the worst. What is the best? A very simple and saving fact: that every "mistaken" marriage began, qualitatively, on the same footing as every "good" marriage: that is, on some kind of real and genuine mutual attraction, no matter how small. The vast majority of us (truly warped personalities or truly vicious situations are out of court) do not marry to punish ourselves. We marry because we like our husband-or wife-to-be. That much of a marriage is always indestructible. Even divorce cannot destroy it. Witness the not uncommon spectacle of divorced partners realizing their mistakes and remarrying.

A marriage that can last a week on such a foundation can last forever on it, if its partners forego an attitude of sour grapes and try to attain one of grace. There is a good reason for this, for a marriage-in-being is invariably far less painful than the most advantageous divorce. Anyone who doubts this has simply never met a wide assortment of the divorced, particularly the divorced with children.

LET me illustrate a case of such a "mistaken" marriage that has succeeded and could not help succeeding. A friend of mine married a boy friend almost on impulse and certainly on the rebound. The boy she married was of the same social group (which is almost invariable in such hasty marriages) and had, generally, the same interests. Surely there was no strong love in the marriage; hardly any at all. And similar interests soon palled. The arrival of a child complicated the matter.

For a while it looked as though the usual attitude toward divorce was going to rule. But, quite suddenly, both partners realized that not only was there no strong and powerful reason to separate, but that, contrary to their preconceived notions, they were "getting on." The baby itself was a strong bond between them, but it wasn't the only one. Friends urged them to stick together if they could, and they did. The passage of time began to solve the problem. First they began to like each other (after the initial disappointments). This was inevitable, of course, given good will and common sense (which is pretty common in most of us). Then, after a time, liking began

red of me? Suppose he wanted to divorce me someday for reasons I couldn't foresee right now?

to turn to love, as it almost always will. At this point, the generally similiar human interests took over and began to work. Today, they are a perfectly normal married couple in love, who would no more think of divorce than of cutting each other's throats.

Human beings, whatever their differences, are in general so similar that in any case like the above the outcome will be the same. The touchstones are: *good will, patience, time*. The incalculable wealth that marriage creates is worth that. Better far such wealth than the pusillanimous poverty of impatient, cowardly divorce.

There is hope even for marriages where basic differences are weighty and cut deep. In such cases the matter usually seems so hopeless that there is little effort to overcome obstacles. Everyone must know of a situation something like this: The husband is a home-loving man content with job and family. The wife resents being cooped up in the house but finds it impossible to "escape" for one reason or another—children, as a rule. The husband becomes more and more confused, the wife more and more resentful. Their friends may feel and they, in the end, may agree: "Give divorce a chance and let each find a partner more compatible to their aims in life."

But what, one may ask, of the genuine ties of intimacy that have developed? What of the hardships that have already been overcome? What about the children? Or, if there are none, why deliberately set forth on a voyage into unknown seas where the outcome can be nothing but unknown and in every case fraught with deadly dangers? Why, in a word, throw away a life-saver you know *works* for the inhospitality and threatening depths of uncharted seas?

It is the common experience that in such cases as these the married partners do almost nothing to reconcile their differences. They simply drift into divorce by default, neglecting to take the simplest measures to save the bark carrying them through life. "Why should they?" would be a realistic question, considering our modern mores. After all, they are "modern" and believe in the sacred right of the individual to put his own life above and beyond the rights of a marriage.

In the modern world, the "moderns" feel, it is so much easier *not* to come to terms when you know that you can and probably will divorce. The truth

is, of course, that it is *not* easier not to come to terms about the difficulties in a given marriage. It is not easier because coming to terms is easier than divorce, even if divorce could be obtained by the mailing of a postcard. The very act of divorce implies a kind of flawed belief in marriage, for one does not get divorced, really, except to remarry. And if one believes in marriage, one might as well believe in familiar and somewhat tested ground where, at least, some rocky obstacles have been removed by time and where there is never wholly drought or a dearth of growth, and where, by care, a garden can be made even in the midst of a desert.

IT does not take many years of marriage to discover that even in the ideal there is the good and the bad. Bad times that are brought on or aggravated by poverty, illnesses, and other troubles. But what is certain is that all bad times pass. As the great G. K. Chesterton points out in one of his essays: "In everything on this earth that is worth doing, there is a stage when no one would do it except for necessity or honor. It is then that the Institution (marriage) upholds a man and helps him on to the firmer ground ahead."

Firmer ground. Firmer ground for us all, but especially for those in a marriage relationship who have nothing to do with the possibility of divorce except, perhaps, be utterly destroyed by it—the children.

I remember discussing this aspect of divorce last year with the head of a large, family-service welfare organization (non-Catholic) in New York City. We were talking about the problems of a family in which the husband was an acute alcoholic.

The welfare official said: "Very often, these wives, no matter how dreadful their life with their husband, refuse to divorce him because, as they express it, they want to hold the family together for the sake of the children. That isn't a bad reason, is it?"

He had hesitated before he asked the question and, asking it, his voice almost became apologetic, as if he expected me to disagree with his viewpoint. I could have exploded then, with the laughter of irony, had not the implication of what he said been so truly tragic. To have to apologize for using a child—the strongest proof that there once was love in a marriage—as an excuse not to dissolve it! So far have

the "moderns" and the "enlightened" strayed from a true understanding of the meaning of marriage that they are ashamed to express their faith in one of its most powerful proofs. Worse, still, they do not recognize it as a proof at all. It has come to seem a bad reason, the subterfuge of a coward, to want to hold a marriage together for the sake of its sweetest fruit!

As the welfare official continued talking, I went back into a remote corner of my mind where I had tucked the last, painful memories of my parents' divorce. How many years I had convinced myself that it had been far better for me to live with a mother who loved me than with a mother and father who could not find the strength to live together! And there flooded over me once again the bitterness I had known as a child when I had felt, against the superior reason of the "enlightened," that if they had loved me they would have stayed together, if only for my sake. *For they could have.* I was the living image of the love for which they had married and which had, therefore, *in my image, never died.* Yes, they should have stayed together, and for their own sakes, too. Neither of them ever again achieved the love and happiness they had once had together. Surely, one could wonder, if two people will not exert the ordinary (and why not superhuman?) effort to make their marriage work for their own sakes or for the sake of their children, then *for what* or *for whom* will they make such efforts? The answer is: for nothing and for no one, not even themselves.

That is why, among other reasons, I have surely if slowly swung round to the opposite and unpopular point of view on divorce. I do not plead for more liberal divorce laws, for a uniform national divorce law, for cheaper divorce. *I am against divorce in toto.* For I know now that there is really only one sensible approach to the problems of marriage that impel any human being toward compassing its end. And that approach is best expressed in the words of a woman who, some years ago, celebrated with her husband their diamond wedding anniversary. Questioned by reporters as to whether she or her spouse had ever entertained the notion of divorce, she shook her head and said, whimsically: "Mayhem, *maybe*, but *never* divorce!"

There is more sense and hope in that remark than in the most carefully considered decision of any divorce court.



ILLUSTRATED BY
FRANK KALAN

THE STORY OF A MOTHER AND FATHER -
AND A BOY WHO WAS BECOMING A MAN

a day to be

KILLED

ELLEN BARNES, wife of Phil and mother of Dave, was reading in her comfortable living room, concentrating so hard that her lips all but moved. The words "A day to be killed" appeared, and she concentrated harder because the words weren't in the book. Dave had said them.

She drew in her leg, decrying its slimness. It was hard, living down the fact that you looked like a blonde gamin . . . by acting, thinking, talking adultly. How was that again? she thought. How adult are you? Behaving like a third-rate actress in the last act, because your sixteen-year-old son is at a party with other boys of good families.

But, *a day to be killed*. She bent over her book again.

Elevenish, he had said. However, she said, "On the dot," and he understood her slang as well as she did his. But, a day to be killed. To say that, after this afternoon. It was madness, and if she were superstitious . . .

She looked around the subdued room, decided that, lighted, it wouldn't seem such a waiting room and walked hastily around, turning on lamps. Well, she thought, he doesn't roam nearly as much as lots of boys, he is

by Jean MacKeagan

From Volume

cheerful and co-operative and nice to be with, and—where did you go wrong? When you gave him the right to make his first mistake for free? He is cheerful about making mistakes and co-operative about having his own way and you'd better be with him. He sure enough can't take care of himself if you aren't.

She went back to her chair, her book. She was glad Phil had gone to bed. He was so impatient when Dave was late. This book. Read. Conscientiously. *A boy was sitting with his father before a fire. Suddenly, a salamander appeared in the flames. The father reached over and boxed the boy's ear, violently. Questioned by the sobbing boy, the father explained that he wanted the boy never to forget the sight.*

How stupid! To fix, with pain, a moment that should have been beautiful. She laid the book down and raised her wrist-watch to her lips and kissed it. "It is eleven o'clock," she gloated. "Heavenly, heavenly eleven o'clock and I will get rid of these gremlins. Criminally irresponsible, or not, Dave is mine and now he will come home."

Relaxed, she reached again for the book, made a little face and pushed it away. It was a library book and it reminded her of this afternoon . . .

She was sitting here, knitting, when the door bell rang—for the fifth time since three o'clock. That would be a fifth chum calling on Dave. Dave was in his room with a closed door shutting out the sound of doorbells.

She put down her knitting and opened the door. "Come in, Bob," she said warmly. "Dave is in his room."

WHEN she went back to her Argyle sock, her blue eyes were dark with trouble. Evidently, this was some sort of committee meeting and Dave hadn't spoken of it when she postponed her marketing until this afternoon.

"Such a lovely October morning for foraging," he'd said wistfully. Wistful and irresponsible, that was Dave and he wouldn't find the world as easy as his mother.

She set herself against her shudder at the thought of what the world would do to Dave. She looked at her watch. Four thirty. She would have to interrupt the meeting and five boys would sneak out like whipped puppies. "Be seeing you, Dave," they would mutter pityingly.

"Dave shouldn't make me tell them," Ellen fumed. He had a wrist watch and a clock on his wall. He was doing what he did so often, taking advantage.

She had delayed her Saturday shopping and, since her appendectomy, she wasn't allowed to carry heavy bags. If she didn't get started soon, Phil would

come home and insist on taking her and mutter-mutter about the way she spoiled Dave.

She went down the hall. "Dave," she called. "We must go now."

"Scat, fellows," she heard Dave say and there was a scraping sound which meant that the boys were literally "shoving off." In a moment the door opened and they filed past her, each boy carrying a book, which he tried to conceal from her. As if she hadn't allowed Dave to loan his books freely!

She sidestepped the last boy and went into the room. She moved her hands in front of her like a magician causing things to disappear.

"There's been some changes made," Dave said airily.

He must have worked like a Trojan to accomplish so much disorder in so short a time. Just before noon she had left the room in order. Now look at it!

She said, "David Barnes!" hopelessly. "It's not sharp to always say that." Dave complained. "You know what you mean. Say it. 'You louse, you.'"

• The hardest thing about making money last is making it first.—
Quote

"I know what I mean, all right. I don't know what you mean. After all, you're sixteen years . . ."

"Old. And, I've gone into business. Tycoon stuff. This is a rental library, Mom. Money, money. Feel the relief?"

Before the large window, a table had been drawn up, covered with books, ink pad, index file. Behind the table, a shade had been drawn and over its pure, white surface, large letters sprawled. BARNES RENTAL LIBRARY. Smaller print in the corner. "Credit terms—try and get 'em!"

Ellen said: "Oh, Dave. I'm not supposed to watch you all the time at your age."

His almost six feet shrank to about four. His brown eyes seemed to blink as from a blast. "It seemed a sharp idea, Mom," he said wistfully.

The old beaten look, the stricken manner. When what she had tried to do was to build confidence and responsibility.

"I'll never punish you the first time you do anything wrong," she'd promised Dave. "But, after that, watch out."

It had points. Or, had it? Dave certainly made a good thing out of the compact. Right now, he was holding up crossed fingers—the King's Ax sign. "First time, Mom," he wheedled. "Never again, I promise."

He had worked hard. You were supposed to encourage business ability. With a little plop of her heart, she

realized that some day, when he was grown, she would treasure that shade. She smiled forgivingly. "Okay," she said. "Come on, Ty."

He put on his co-operative look and, when they got near the side door, he slid three feet and held it reverently open. "Exit, Moddom," he said. She felt a distracted, tender feeling as she always did when he tried to be sophisticated. It was so like seeing a new kitten stepping out.

He dropped gallantry and made a rush for the driver's seat. He snapped his fingers. "Keys, please," he said. "Take you anywhere you want to go." "No," Ellen refused. "I'm in a hurry. I'll drive."

"Mom! How'm I going to get experience?"

She beckoned him imperiously out of the seat. "You know how," she said, severely. "On country roads."

He slid over. "Beautiful day," he said, sniffing it. He whistled and his whistle was so clear and true that she felt as admiring as any young girl.

She really ought to be glad he wasn't the whining kind. Her child had lots of good qualities.

THEY tooled contentedly to market and it was super to have the bags carried as lightly as a basket of strawberries. In a haze of good feeling, she turned away from the boulevard which led homeward and headed for the open country. "I've got time for a driving lesson," she confided amiably.

"Woman! Don't call getting practice 'driving lessons.' Look at your stats. They all show the young are better than the old at driving."

Ellen laughed. "Man! Don't you call me old. I'll let you call it practice. Only, for goodness sake, practice carefully."

The country roads were beautifully vacant and she slid over with a sigh of simulated relief. She said, "It will be nice when you can drive me everywhere."

"Click," he agreed absently. He was memorizing the procedure and he went through with it smoothly, driving with super care, stopping at every crossroad. She obeyed her impulse to show her pride and appreciation. "You can go out the turnpike, dear," she said.

"Right great," he said from afar. He was one with the car now, adept as all boys of his era and she knew he was pretending to fly a plane. *His keen eyes were narrow, his keen eyes watched the controls, his keen eyes searched the sky for an enemy plane.* He came back with a bang and laughed uproariously.

"Gee, I get young sometimes," he told her.

They came up to a railroad crossing.

It wasn't a main line, but there was a train bearing down on them. She hoped it wasn't a long freight train, a long delay . . .

In blank disbelief, in terror, she saw Dave wasn't going to stop. He was trying to beat this train! Her feet moved like pistons, hunting the brake, but she was too far in the corner. She heard the wild thing that was the whistle, the wild thing that was the engineer's bell, she had a slanting look at the angry, frightened red face, the engineer's. Then, the engine blocked it from her view. They were across and air whizzed past her, painful and cutting. The whistle blew back at them, a frigid blast.

She hadn't looked at Dave, though her body was taut and bent forward to shield him. And she didn't look at him as they rolled along a road grown quiet again. She saw three trees and a fourth one that was partly blotted out by perspective. She counted them studiously. It was so nice to see trees again.

SHE looked at Dave and his face was a lively green. But even as she looked, color flowed back and he put out a laugh—though a laugh with a crack in it. She moved her stiff body.

"Shove over," she commanded. "I'll drive from here."

Meekly, he slid out of the car, got in at the other side. The miles back to town were driven wordlessly, Dave shuffling his feet and whistling, clear and true again. But her thoughts were so obviously deep purple that he didn't ask for them. It was only as she weakly steered toward the garage door that he forced a word out.

"That's the first time I ever did that, Mom," he apologized. "And it will be the last. I think, YES!"

She couldn't trust herself to answer. She was feeling anger and despair. She had failed in something that was important. She abandoned thought and donned her apron, getting food out of the refrigerator.

When Phil came in, Dave had already set the table, placing silver prissily. Finished, he all but crept to his room.

"What's cooking?" Phil asked. He put his arm around her and she leaned against him, wordlessly. She couldn't know how near he had come to tragedy and he released her to peer into the oven. "Mmmh," he said. "Tabs on that big piece. Dave is too big already."

Tears stung her eyes. It was the let-down, or pure misery. "Dave is too something," she said. "Honestly, I don't know what is the matter with him, Daddy."

Phil thumped her back, gently, his way of calling her "little woman." "Don't you get disgusted with him, too," he warned. "I don't know what he'll do, if even his mother is disgusted."

Dave had never gotten "too difficult." But, now? Was he dangerously irresponsible? Ellen went back to her salad making. It wasn't the right time to talk about the afternoon's escapade. But, she might soon have to face the fact that her method was a failure. It was late to change, too. All the while she pondered, she was hurrying dinner along. Dave had said he was going to a party tonight.

He hadn't said where the party was



"It seemed a sharp idea, Mom," Dave said wistfully

to be. "The Club," he said vaguely, when pressed.

"What a day!" Dave was saying to his father. He was subdued, but not shaking as she was. "It's a day to be killed," Dave went on, heedless of his mother's shiver. "Times like these try a man's spirit. This party will have to be a three decker to get my enthusiasm. Only good thing is there's nothing to pay. With Slick Trane you don't even have to bring a bottle of coke."

"Nice of you to feel that way about my cokes," Phil said, hunting for the big piece of meat. "What time you getting in?"

Ellen heard him thankfully. One less question for her to put.

"Elevenish," Dave answered. "Bill's toting me and he's got rocky parents." "Excuse me, please," she said, rising. "I'm going to lie down. I don't feel

so well. I think something, everything has been too much for me."

The vision of two open mouths followed her to her room. She knew that they wouldn't enjoy their dinner, but just now she had that feeling against men which comes over a woman every so often. Crumpled down on her pillow, she thought, "He seems to think I've given him a license to make mistakes. And one mistake . . ."

Again she heard the whistle of the train. Lying down didn't help. "I won't let him go to the party," she thought dismally. "I've stopped being a fool."

In the kitchen, Dave was finishing the dishes. "I thought I'd surprise you," he complained. "Can't you do one thing well? Lying down is easy, you don't even have to learn how."

HIS words were flip, in his voice she could hear apology and remorse and the kitchen was as clean as a dairy lunchroom. It took her back to the days when he was "just a pocketful of boy." He always so wanted to "make up."

She was still in a glow when he came into the living room, ready for the party, sport coat clinging to his neck and with the sweet smell of soap perfuming him as it had when he was a baby.

"Eleven on the dot," she warned pleasantly. "Remember!"

His eyes looked wide and sleepy. "This brawl has got to be good to keep me up past ten," he said.

Her interrupted dinner made a late snack welcome. She and Phil loitered in the kitchen so Dave could join them when he came in. But, when he wasn't early, Phil grew sleepy and went to bed. Ellen went back to her Argyle sock, coping with its eight bobbins and glad to do it. Only, after a while, a book seemed better.

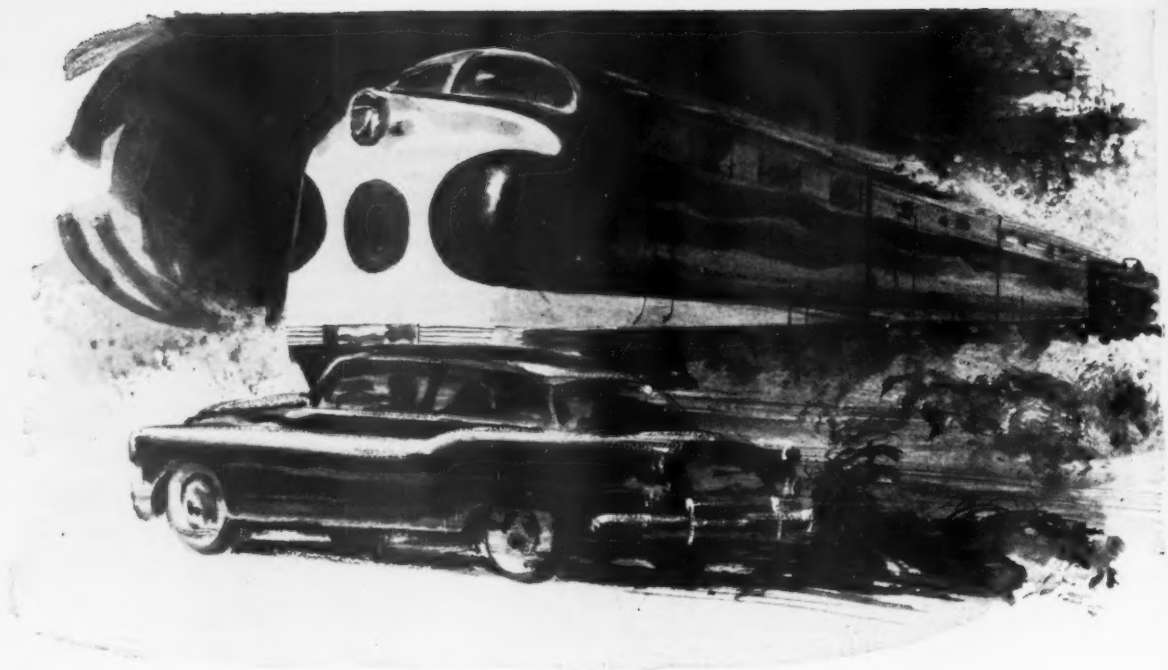
She had thought she was uneasy, before, but now! Bill had a "sputter-bus." A car slowed on the pickup is more dangerous than a fast one. She looked at her watch. It was eleven thirty. She would be more than a wee bit grim about this.

She would not be panicky! It was twelve thirty. Dave had never been out so late before.

Like a refrain. "First time he's been out so late." But, just let him take up the refrain. She went to the window and looked up the street. It was dark and quiet, waiting for a noisy jalopy.

At one o'clock, she rang the Trane number. She could hear the futile buzz and the anger in her turned to fear. They must have gone to bed and that meant that Dave and Bill had left.

But, if they hadn't had an accident, they would surely be home before this.



He was trying to beat this train! Her feet moved like pistons, hunting the brake. She heard the wild thing that was the whistle, the wild thing that was the engineer's bell

Dave had never defied his parents. Besides, he had been little boy sleepy even before he left. Sleep crept up on him, no matter how he fought it. Many a time he had fallen asleep over his supper and they had to carry him up to bed, lax and unconscious. Oh, what had happened? She went into Phil and shook him awake.

"Phil," she wailed. "Dave hasn't come home."

"What time is it?" Phil asked. He took one look at her face and swung his feet to the floor. "I'll call up Trane's," he said.

"I did. They don't answer. They've gone somewhere else. Phil, it's after one!"

"I'll call Bill's house," Phil said. "Now, don't get excited. If there's been an accident, the Courtneys would have been notified. They'd call us. I'm just checking to see if Bill is in."

Three cigarettes later, he tried the Trane phone again, the Courtneys'. Ellen's heart jumped when she saw him dial again.

"Phil," she said. "Be careful. Don't let the police think he's a juvenile delinquent."

"Just thought I'd ask," Phil was saying with false carelessness. "If anything turns up . . . Thanks."

They went back to waiting, Phil's shoulders hunched, no cigarette sending out its heartening glow. "You're sure that you didn't give him permission

to go somewhere else?" Phil asked.

"Of course not. Phil, he's never even been awake this late. It's the first time he's been out after eleven thirty."

Phil gave her a desperate look. "You and your first times," he said. "If he walks in and gives me that 'first times' stuff, it's going hard with him, I tell you."

"Hush," Ellen whispered. "Just let him come in. That's all I ask. All you ask, too, Phil."

"Well, he's too apt to feel a free agent. He counts on that excuse you give him. If you ask me, you let him make a sucker out of you. All kids are alike. Give them an inch and they take a mile."

HIS anger was a thin cover for fright. He pulled her wrist over to look at her watch. "Three o'clock," he said. "Ellen, I can't just sit here. I'm going to drive over to the Tranes. Maybe the party was really a brawl and they're not answering the phone."

He went into the bedroom to slip trousers over pajamas, and, just as he reappeared, a rattle and a roar filled the street. Bill's car slowed down just enough to drop an agile passenger. The porch shook under Dave's bound and he was through the door.

"Tusk-tusk," he said. "Why you got all the lights on? Don't you know it's three o'clock in the morning?"

He looked at his father, trousered

and shod, and he sobered. "Gee, you up too?" he asked uncertainly.

This time his shrinking didn't get Ellen's sympathy. Almost enjoyably, she waited for Phil's angry shout. It wasn't delayed.

"What's your explanation," he roared, "for staying out 'til this time of night?"

"Good joke on me." Dave yanked at his tie. "You know how sleepy I was? Well, when we got to the party, I dropped off, neat, on the couch in the rumpus room. After awhile I woke up, fresh as new caught fish—just in time for the refreshments. And, after that, we horsed around and I didn't get sleepy until two forty-five."

Phil's tone was grim. "That all the explanation you can give? Where were the Tranes all the time?"

Dave laughed. "That was a joke, too. They went out of town and there was nobody to send us home."

"No one to send you home! Great Caesar, aren't you old enough to send yourselves home?"

"Sure—if we know what time it is. But there wasn't any clock in the room and I forgot to wind my watch. If I hadn't gotten sleepy the second time, we'd been there yet. I thought it must be getting late if I got sleepy, so I told the fellows it was time to scat. And, when we passed a filling station clock, Bill agreed I'd been sensible. The lug had been filling my ears up to then."

He gave them a sleepy smile which

would have been charming at another time and turned toward the door. "I'm going to roost," he yawned.

"You can get undressed," Ellen said, in a shaking voice. "But, you're not going to bed, yet. Your father and I will talk this over and when we decide on your punishment, we'll let you know what it is."

"You make it to your room and make it fast," Phil said.

"Sure," Dave answered. "Mull it over and call me."

"You heard your father. He said to go to your room!"

"YES, Massa." He turned at the door and gave a slow, thoughtful look. He looked—hardened!

They heard his door close. "I have to tell you," Ellen said. "This afternoon, when we had the car out, Dave tried to beat a train. We just missed being hit. I can't take the responsibility any more."

He came over to her, his hands making sure she was there. "Of course you can't. That young man needs discipline and he's going to get it."

But, in Phil's voice, she could hear the echo of her own disbelief. This crisis had come up so suddenly. It was the first time they had had a real worry over Dave.

The first time! "Oh, Phil," Ellen cried. She leaned against him and his arms went around her, but they seemed to be shutting her away from Dave. "You'll have to tell him what he can't and can do," she said.

"You got it on the books?" Dave inquired from the door. "Go ahead with the new signals. But, first, let me pour out. I've been awfully young about this act 'first time.' I don't think much of it. It's insane, when boys are the heels they are. And, it's a messy business calling for a lot of crawling. I'm out of it. I've grown up and I'm telling you. . ."

Ellen stared at him. So she had been a sucker.

"You're telling us," Phil snapped. "We're telling you. You're. . ."

"You'll save yourself a lot of brain fag," Dave said, "if you'll listen, first."

"You shut up," Phil yelled. "You're grounded for the next two months. No going out after dark, no allowance. The car is out. You won't be driving that for six months."

"For your own good, I'll tell you. . ."

"For my own good! Listen, you fresh, no-account. . ."

Dave yelled louder, "No kid has any business driving a car until he's got sense enough to earn one."

"Ha!" Phil said. "Mealy-mouthed palaver. Grown up. You!"

"Wait and see!"

"You're a mess. Disobedient, defiant, childish. . ."

"It's childish not to wait and see, too," Dave said. He pushed out his jaw. Some day he might have a good one. Ellen blinked back tears.

"I'm fed up," Phil was roaring. "I'm fed up with you. Get to bed!"

Dave was holding himself rigidly. He glared into Phil's eyes and the pseudo-respect in his voice was the hollowest of imitations. "Is that all, sir?" he asked. His face was as white as a tablecloth, the pupils in his eyes were pin points.

"Get to bed!" Phil roared again.

When they were alone, the room seemed frigid. Phil sank down on a chair. "This is a fine thing," he muttered. His eyes appealed to her to do something, but she was like a woman under shock. Until punishment had caught up with him, Dave had been airy; afterward, angry. What would the rest of the way be like?

She could permit herself some weakness. Dave's door showed a streak of light—sleeplessness, for the first time! She opened it without knocking.

He was looking out of a dark window. He had evidently been running his hands through his hair, because his cowlick rioted. There were smudges on his cheeks and she knew he had been

• Living in the past has one thing in its favor—it's cheaper.—*Wall Street Journal*

crying and dragging dirty hands over the tears. Rumpus rooms are apt to be dusty.

"You'd better go to bed," she said. She watched his face for a sign, any sign that meant apology. He had always been so ready with his apologies.

But there was no sign. "Oh, Davie," she whispered. "What has happened to you? How could you do this to us?"

"How could you do this to me," he mocked. "I apologized. I said I was a heel. Do you want me to keep on saying it?"

"It was your tone, Dave. No parents can let a boy talk to them as you talked."

"I talk the only way I know how," Dave said wearily. "I make allowances for your kind of chatter." He sent a wild glance around the room. "If I may be frank, Mom, you and Dad sound like a top sergeant a lot of the time. But I've had sense enough to know that's parent talk. Boys have to take a lot of that. After all, you buy the groceries."

She was aghast at his ignorance. "Oh, Dave. It isn't because we buy the groceries. We try to make you. . ."

"Sure. Responsible," he granted carelessly. "That's not a grievance with me—or your changing signals. But I've got a grievance, a whale of a one. It takes

boys a long time to see that they needn't go cadging around, that there's a right way to avoid talk like that. By just thinking, and on time. And, when all of a sudden I saw it, when I said I'd grown up, you didn't listen. I knocked myself lower than a snake's chin and you didn't listen. Dad's always been fair, before."

He pulled in his waist and fumbled with the buckle of his belt. His eyes were swimming. "I said I'd never take advantage again," he reminded her. "Did you ever catch me in a lie?"

She looked back. He had never lied. He didn't lie, he didn't whine, he could think straight. My goodness! How many boys would be honest enough to tell their parents their mistakes in bringing them up? Mistakes? She wasn't such a sucker, if this boy was the result.

She wouldn't wear it out. But, he was holding his trousers up and she took advantage. She stood on tiptoe and kissed his smudged face.

"I BELIEVE," she said. "I'll go tell Dad. I'll remind him that we didn't listen."

Trousers slipped down slim hips as he put a long, awkward arm around her shoulders. "Tears, yet," he said gently. "No time for tears. It's going to be easier from now on, Mom. Promise!" He gave her a kiss and thumped her back gently.

Out in the hall, she leaned against the wall, half laughing, half sobbing. Tomorrow, she might be able to laugh because she hadn't thought about adjusting herself to Dave's adjustment. But, the day had come so suddenly, the day every mother works for and repines when it comes. The thump on her back had shown her, but even more the kiss. Under her son's smooth cheek, she had felt the set jaw of a man. Dave had said "Scat" to his childhood.

She could feel the rough texture of the wall against her cheek. I'm adding another experience to my life, she thought, and knew that she would never forget the rough scratching against her cheek. The tale she had read. . .

How stupid, to fix, with pain, a moment that should have been beautiful!

She eased herself from the wall, doubtfully, then swiftly. Smiling a little, because she had been so absurd as not to recognize something beautiful, she leaned back against the wall, caressing it lightly with her cheek.

The day had to come into being before it could be killed and she saw this clearly, and, quitting her pain, she started down the hall. As she went, her tense shoulders eased, and her trace of gamine returned to her walk. She would tell Dad the news.

A boy was becoming a man.



Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, high priest of the new religion of "positive thinking"

WHATEVER LOLA WANTS, LOLA GETS

I WONDER, does anyone know of a nice quiet sanitarium—preferably with reasonable rates and a good therapy class in basket weaving—where I can take the cure? I don't insist, of course, on the basket weaving (I dare say a class in pottery would do just as nicely) but the "reasonable rates" is quite important. I may be in for quite a stretch. . . .

My doctor also stipulates, by the way, that the sanitarium have no library facilities; no incoming magazines or newspapers; and that all Book-of-the-Month Club circulars be carefully winnowed from one's mail. Also, he wants assurance that no well-meaning relatives—who might conceivably try to cheer up the patients with some Positive Thinking pamphlets—be allowed on the premises. Also, no TV. There's to be no slip-

ping out of bed and feverishly twisting the dials to Norman Vincent Peale's *What's Your Trouble* program. After all, as my doctor points out, my trouble is Dr. Peale.

Yes . . . well, I suppose we all have our own particular breaking point, don't we? Still, it does seem rather strange. I mean, I managed to survive all our *other* recent national epidemics.

Anyhow, it seems that I'm to get what they call the "cold turkey" cure and I know—especially after watching a dope addict on *Racket Squad* the other evening—that it's not going to be very pretty. Already I can see myself . . . tossing in torment on my rumpled cot . . . and begging a beady-eyed matron: "Please! Please, matron, you just don't know what it's like! Can't you slip me just a *little* shot in the

arm to tide me over? Maybe . . . maybe just *one* of Peale's *Confident Living* columns?"

Now it won't be very pretty: a grown woman like me, whimpering for my narcotic build-up; my daily supply of carefully selected quotes from scripture. (Incidentally, this is a service that Catholicism doesn't offer me, i.e., this careful screening of quotes to make me feel good. Why, *my* pastor—insensitive creature that he is—is just as likely as not to come out with some of the most distressing things; Things like: "I bring not peace but a sword" or "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world . . .") But as I started to say—and you must forgive my rambling digressions, it goes with my condition—the really pitiful thing about my addiction is that the "lift" wears off quite

Lola must be a real Positive Thinker. She gets what she wants. But this is not religion—at least not Christ's religion

and narrow. And when I say tempt, I mean *tempt*. Really, you have no idea how utterly fascinating it can be—once you throw off the deadly shackles of doctrine.

Hence I can see myself, during this forthcoming cold-turkey treatment, becoming very crafty and cunning as the fever mounts. For instance, I have long been expecting Peale, Inc. to come out with a book called *How To Never Have To Die* (it seemed the next logical step in the "How-To" series) and I think the glorious day may be just around the corner. At any rate I recently spotted an ad in the *Chicago Tribune* for a book called *Get A Victory Over Death* ("This can be accomplished by KNOWING HOW, and should be the aim of all men") and I'm just afraid that my growing desire for this—in the still watches of the night—might lead me to attempted blackmail. That is, blackmailing my friends (and I have several good prospects lined up) into smuggling it past the sanitarium gates: perhaps baked in a cake or buried in a pot of geraniums. So while I have the temporary strength of character—that is, with my doctor twisting my arm—I'm sending out this general appeal: "Friends, don't do it!"

The doctor tells me that if I co-operate, and sweat it out for myself, I just may—in perhaps six weeks or so—be given a little light reading as a test run. Say, the telephone directory—and then possibly work up to *Bre'r Rabbit*. However, he says that I am never again to touch such heady fare as the "How-To" series (*How To Become Rich, Beautiful, Happy, and Dynamic in Just Ten Days . . . How To Enjoy the Beatific Vision Right Here on Earth . . . How To Never Get the Idea That Anyone Else is Possibly Smarter Than You Are*) because I just haven't got the constitution to touch the stuff, either physically (I become nauseated very easily) or mentally or spiritually.

In particular, he warns me that he just won't be responsible for me if I ever again try reading—within a twenty-four-hour time span—two such different books as *The Secret of the Saints* and *How To Turn Your Ability Into Cash*. He says the delicate membranes of the human stomach just can't tolerate such a deadly mixture.

I've also, incidentally, had some other close shaves with disaster. Without first testing the depth, I plunged

into Peale's *The Power Of Positive Thinking* as if I were plunging into the *Summa Theologica* and I . . . well, I darn near broke my neck in the shallow water. As I later discovered, there was barely enough water—theologically speaking—in which to do the dead man's float.

Just the same, I have to admit that I just *couldn't* seem to grasp his message. I didn't know whether it was my native stupidity, or the fact that I didn't have the pure heart of a child, or whether I'd become tone-deaf from listening to too many TV commercials. Anyhow, I seemed to react to Dr. Peale in much the same way as John Crosby did to Liberace.

Mr. Crosby, you will recall, is the fearless TV columnist who enraged American womanhood from coast to coast by writing: "Somehow, everything that Liberace plays comes out sounding like *Lady of Spain*." Yes . . . Well, everything that Dr. Peale wrote came out sounding to me like the song novelty *Whatever Lola Wants*. ("Whatever Lola wants, Lola gets"—a real Positive Thinker, that Lola—right down to her punch line of "I'm irresistible, you fool.")

Actually, it sounded quite delightful (especially when I transposed the words to "Whatever Lucile wants, Lucile gets") but how did one go about it? Honestly, I couldn't seem to figure out even the simplest directions. For instance, Dr. Peale told me that I should start the day by repeating "I believe" three times and, providing one can count to three, what could be simpler? But me. No, I had to have the sort of nasty and snoopy mind that asks: "I believe . . . what?" Since Dr. Peale didn't tell me (he has apparently taken the pledge to avoid all doctrine as if it were poison ivy) I was right back where I started. That is, I had no choice but to muddle along with my usual morning offering.

The doctor says that I can learn to lead a quite normal life, but that I must naturally be careful. Especially when it comes to P. T. books dealing with mental hygiene. He says that even a normal reader can go quietly off his rocker try-

LUCILE HASLEY, author of *Reproachfully Yours* and *The Mouse Hunter* (both published by Sheed & Ward), has written articles and fiction for many Catholic and secular magazines.

Photograph by Jacques Zoue

by LUCILE HASLEY

rapidly. Say, in about five minutes. Then, time for a new shot! Time to get my "spiritual batteries recharged!"

For a few intoxicating moments, though, I am able to whisper to myself: "And why not? Can't I do all things in Christ who strengtheneth me? Why *can't* I become a top executive with U.S. Steel?"

You haven't heard the worst, though. It's true that Dr. Peale is the high priest, as it were, of Positive Thinking (alias "the cult of reassurance"; alias "the selfish religion with the easy answers"; alias "the God-and-me-can-do anything narcotic fad") but it's a wide-open field, with no holds barred. There are plenty of other P. T. boys . . . whom I, for the sake of convenience, lump together under the title of Peale, Inc. . . . to tempt me from the straight

ing to sift out the good mental health rules from all the secularistic hogwash.

"After all," he says sternly, "what gave you this horrible case of E. I. I. if it wasn't a book on how to avoid E. I. I.?"

Now as everyone knows, E. I. I. stands for "emotionally induced illness." For instance, you can actually develop a pain in your neck from a passing emotional disturbance (e.g., watching your husband pour catsup on his dessert) and this Dr. John Schindler from Iowa had more than proved his point. Just the title of his book, as a matter of fact, was enough to make my old neuralgia, that hadn't acted up in years, go on the rampage: *How To Live 365 Days Of The Year: A Tested Method For Living Without Sickness, Fear, Fatigue, Or Nervous Strain*.

To begin with, he should have added "or Christian purpose" to that title, but perhaps it wouldn't fit on the book jacket? After all, he already had quite a line-up—all those golden promises to restore man to his original Garden of Eden status.

Well, Dr. Schindler was obviously cutting his own throat—offering a Tested Method that would neatly wipe out the entire medical profession—but that was his concern. Not mine. My first unselfish thought was: "Oh, dear, what a beastly shame! If only the early Christian martyrs and all the saints throughout the ages could have read this book! If only they had had the proper know-how for avoiding all the suffering (not to mention the fatigue and nervous strain) that goes hand in hand with Christian heroism!"

Anyhow, here was unworthy little me, in 1955, being offered a Tested Method for avoiding any such unpleasantness. And how? By leading the placid and purposeless existence of a Jersey cow. And who was offering it to me? A Catholic book club. As a special bonus, the book jacket also featured an attractive picture of (and glowing testimonial by) Dr. Norman Vincent Peale.

At this point, my E. I. I. swung into high gear: shooting pains across the chest, a sense of suffocation, spots before the eyes. What, in the name of *Le Bon Dieu*, was Dr. Peale's imprimatur doing on a book for a wide and strictly Catholic audience? After all, even the best Protestant theologians are beginning to regard him as Dennis the Menace. (Says Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr: "This new cult is dangerous. Anything which corrupts the Gospel hurts Christianity. And it hurts people, too. It helps them to feel good while they are evading the real issues of life.") But possibly—I told my pounding heart—this wasn't a case of Pealism invading the Catholic field. Possibly the good

Dr. Schindler was just going to chat about hardening of the arteries or colitis?

After thoroughly digesting the contents of "365," I turned the book upside down and shook it hard, quite confident that surely, surely, my Catholic sponsors must have inserted a list of special reading instructions. Something like:

"This book contains some sound medical advice but we must warn our readers that it does not, on the whole, represent Catholic thinking in its finest flower. We would be deeply distressed, for instance, if our readers would get the idea that the main purpose of life is good health. It might discourage the millions of afflicted Catholics who are trying to offer up their suffering as God's will.

"We are also quite unhappy about Dr. Schindler's definition of emotional maturity, which forms the thesis of his book: 'The ability to handle the various phases of ordinary human life in a way that produces a maximum amount of enjoyment and a minimum amount of stress.' We feel that this leaves something to be desired from the Christian

• A lot of people who would never talk with full mouths will go around talking with empty heads.—*Gilerafter*

• The greatest undeveloped territory in the world lies under your hat.—*Voice of St. Jude*

point of view. Catholic parents, for example, might feel that rearing a large family was just asking for stress.

"Neither do we feel that Dr. Schindler's one concrete motive for premarital sexual restraint ('It's easier to stay out of trouble than to get out') will prove particularly inspirational to our teen-agers. We also regret that he seems to regard religion as a useful form of therapy for certain weak characters (lacking security, affection, or recognition) but insists that religion, per se, has nothing to do with emotional maturity. We also have taken the precaution to glue together the pages where he tells us how to pray. You must get your pastor's permission to unglue said pages."

I also think the book club should have thoughtfully enclosed some tablets to counteract the nausea produced by the prose style: that is, such hauntingly beautiful phrases as "Say NUTS to irritations," or such swelling passages as: "Your life can be an exhilarating and enthusiastic journey through a golden avenue of days, humming a happy tune."

Actually, there was a low moan on my lips by the time I reached the section on prayer (pages being unglued) and this really unglued me. I quote, painfully and meticulously: "Many people find prayer a ready way for starting a pleasant stream of emotion. But it is important to get into prayer the same attitude of calmness and cheerfulness. For instance, it would not do to pray like this: 'Oh, Lord, I feel miserable, and the situation I am in is terrible. Won't you help me, God?' The supplication should run more like this: 'Thou hast created a wonderful, wonderful world for our enjoyment. Give me the courage, equanimity . . . [et cetera] . . . to enjoy this wonderful life. . . .'"

OFFHAND, this didn't strike me as a very good all-purpose sort of prayer. Couldn't you get away with a short anguished yip of "My God!" if you were falling off a precipice? Or if you were perched on a housetop during the recent New England floods? Or, to go to the other extreme, what if you were stranded high and dry in aridity? Wasn't there supposed to be a certain grace in gritting out prayers (of the "Here I am, Lord . . . as cold and blank as a mackerel . . . but here I am anyway" variety) even if it didn't start a pleasant stream of emotion?

Suddenly, the full impact of all this hit me! Good grief! The Pope was going to have to call another Council of Trent and throw out the Psalms, revamp the Mass, eliminate the Stations of the Cross (not cheerful enough), erase Lent from the liturgical cycle and, most assuredly, kick out the confessional. Might not shame and sorrow, even with relief just around the corner, give us a passing twinge in the colon?

I was still worrying about all the work ahead for the Church (Brother! It sure didn't have the necessary know-how) when the final blow fell. For some inscrutable reason, the Christophers saw fit to award Dr. Schindler a bronze award ("It is better to light one candle than to curse the darkness") for having used his 'God-given talents in giving the public literature of significance.'

The Tested Method was literature? Literature of significance?

. . . They tell me that my first reaction, after I recovered consciousness, wasn't at all violent. They say that I just stared up at the ceiling for about five minutes and then said, very simply and quietly: "Why?"

My doctor, though, says that his "Why" patients always cause him the most trouble—especially if they happen to be Catholic converts—and it may take a lot of basket weaving to pull me through.

Woman to Woman

by KATHERINE BURTON

Suggested Resolutions

FOR THIS, the month devoted to the making of resolutions, I have a new and different idea: not to make resolutions for myself this time but to consider some I would like other people to make.

I have a resolution for the theologians. I want them to resolve to speak in the vernacular to the rest of us. If we are left alone to decode, we may get it wrong. Even so, I thought I had the subject of angels clarified for me by a theologian, but now I come upon Father Leslie Rumble of Australia who, when asked where were the guardian angels of the Japanese children when Americans were dropping those bombs, said they were "using their influence for the spiritual welfare of the children's souls." That is not quite the way I heard it about guardian angels. It is, of course, good to know that the Japanese children had angels to help them to heaven, but it sets me wondering about the angels who are guardians of people who still think it was morally right to drop bombs on children. They really have a job on their hands.

I wish that organization, to which I am proud and honored to belong, the Catholic Press Association, would make a resolution to cease being so completely masculine despite its many women members. Look at all those committees, with only a very rare Miss or Mrs. sneaked in; even a Sister is a rarity. I don't think anyone is squeezing the women out; it is worse than that, I am afraid. I don't think anybody thinks about it at all. So here is a fine resolution ready to be born, for lots of women members write and work on papers and in magazines and publishing houses.

Mothers and Crime

ANOTHER RESOLUTION, and this one has corollaries A and B, is on the approach of half the human race to the rest, known laughingly as the better half.

Shall we first consider that which down the centuries has been known as the she-gave-me-the-apple argument? Two researchers, Morris Ernst and David Loth, have found out that many Americans who joined the Communist Party did so because Mom was so possessive and domineering and so nagged Pop and the kids that the latter acquired a self-conscious rage within that gave them a hate on organized society. This is a new one: resting on our shoulders is the responsibility for subversion in the land. I must say I turn more readily to words than to silence but this makes me speechless. However, as the poet says, "The cry that counts is sprung from silence."

In fact, I would like to say today, right now, that I think the government itself is much to blame for juvenile delinquency. Laws are on the books against selling liquor to minors—why not enforce them? The same with the selling of drugs—why not put these laws to work? And it does not help for stability in the young for men to make wars and more wars and then have the enemy of a year ago suddenly

become the ally of today. Little Arabian children play at "killing Jews," so say the papers. Is that innate in them or is it because they listen to grownups talking against Jews? Race riots in Chicago don't start with children, but it is sad what they do to children's minds. And as for the way children today behave, let me quote you a troubled citizen: "Children have bad manners now, contempt for authority; they show disrespect for elders and love to chatter in place of exercise. Children are now tyrants and they no longer rise when an elder enters the room; they contradict their parents, chatter before company, gobble food at the table, cross their legs, and tyrannize over their teachers."

And who do you think wrote that and when? The Greek Socrates and over two thousand years ago, when there wasn't even a Greek equivalent for our derisive word—"mom."

Men, Women, and Books

Now for a resolution on Corollary B. Men have another method than the accusatory one toward women, and in a way even harder to bear. It is the kindly pat, the wondering surprise at what women can do. Examples are many, but I shall list only two. Mr. Igoo, a well-known English critic, tells what he plans to buy in the way of books for Christmas gifts. He does nicely by the men and then says, "For females I don't know what to buy." But he mentions a brief list anyway, adding consolingly that these won't be wasted if there are men around the house. He ends with satisfaction, "One is not completely devoid of a choice for the ladies."

Another Englishman, Mr. Evelyn Waugh, is giving what he no doubt thinks is a real encomium to Flannery O'Connor's bitter and biting as well as extraordinarily well written novel, says, "If this is the unaided work of a young lady, it is a remarkable performance." What does he want? Perhaps to have every book by a woman contain a statement by some male member of her family guaranteeing that no assistance was given the little girl in the writing of this story. To my simple mind a book is good or bad, unusual or ordinary, a work of genius or mediocrity, no matter which sex writes it.

So I would like to hear as one resolution for the glad New Year the promise that men will try to consider women as people, whether mothers, writers, stockholders, or all three at once, or any others in the professions or out of them. There are plenty of men who need not be asked to make this resolution, but there still could be a lot of signatures.

Over the years I know from my own letters that quite a few men read this page, and I am very glad, for it shows I have a middle-of-the-road mind willing to give credit to both sexes. There is no patronizing in these letters to me; they mean it sincerely when some say I "write like a man." But though I do appreciate the intended compliment, I wish some of them would write me and explain just what it is that makes them say I write like a man.



The wandering herds of caribou strayed far from the hunters' path, and so an Eskimo woman died, mourned by her husband beside her stony grave. In the Arctic, even survival is sometimes a luxury



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ESKIMO ENCOUNTER

In the battle against his mortal enemies—cold and hunger—the Eskimo
is at the mercy of migrating herds of caribou that come and go like phantoms

His dogs dead from hunger, an Eskimo makes his way on foot to a trading post somewhere west of Hudson Bay



A good hunter, this Eskimo needs almost a caribou a day for his family and dogs. Last year, he caught only ninety. He can count himself fortunate to have killed this Arctic white fox, something to sustain life



Life must be nursed like a treasure in the months when caribou hunting brings poor results. Weakened by the thin diet, this Eskimo mother shares a small piece of meat with her hungry young daughter

A SIGN PICTURE STORY

Photographs
by
Richard Harrington

Sleep is the welcome rescuer from the daily perils of cold and hunger. In the warmth of caribou blankets hunger may be forgotten, but only for a time. For tomorrow—with renewed perils—must always come



MAN'S ability to survive is perhaps his most amazing characteristic. His wits and ingenuity in the face of peril are evidence of God's providence literally built into His most unique creature—man. In more temperate climates this ingenuity is rarely tested as it is in the frozen wastes of the Arctic. Here, man the hunter still remains king. For on his hunting skill depends the very continuance of life. The major source of all the basic necessities—food, clothing, and shelter—are migrating herds of caribou whose trails follow no established pattern from year to year. When the caribou are easy to find, the Eskimo lives well. When they stray far from expected paths, he is lucky to live one notch above starvation. These photographs, taken by Canadian traveler Richard Harrington, portray vividly the struggle for survival of an Eskimo tribe during a lean year. Frequently, Harrington had to dig into his own supplies to keep a starving Eskimo alive. Before he had finished his three-month trip into the Arctic, Harrington himself barely managed to escape death in the wind-blown vastness.



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TRIUMPH of FAITH

WHAT sustains a man when his freedom is abruptly cut short, when his faith is put to the supreme test and his capacity for hope is stretched to its limits? Air Force Sergeant Howard Brown of St. Paul, Minnesota, one of the eleven airmen who spent thirty-two months in a Chinese Communist jail, tells what sustained him in simple words that ring with quiet courage: "I never lost hope. I never lost faith in God and I never lost faith in the American people. That wouldn't have been a good thing to do—to give up."

Only he knows fully the meaning of his experience—a meaning which words can convey only with difficulty. How does one describe the depths of loneliness through many months of solitary confinement, the mixture of fear and pity and scorn that he felt toward his captors, the recurring thoughts of home and of the girl who waited there quietly sharing his hopes, the careful counting of the days as they flickered past his prison cell, and the final, intense joy of being released, of coming home? It is these things that are hard to put into words. And it is the little things that are easy to express: the dates and events, which together read like a diary:

January 12, 1953: Shot down on leaflet-dropping mission over North Korea. Bailed out with rest of crew. On first day, saw only Lieutenant Wallace Brown briefly, but none of the others. After capture, guards took my personal effects, including dog tags, Rosary, and few religious medals. They made fun of these, stamping on them, and snickering and sneering. I figured I'd had it then.

February 1, 1953: Arrived at prison in Peiping where we were to spend two years and eight months. I was put into solitary confinement. The cell was bare except for a bunk, a paper window at one end, and a door at the other. Guards often watched me through the door slit. No word about the others.

May 2, 1953: Given first hair cut and shave with shears.

May 4, 1953: Permitted to take a bath in a tank like a horse trough. The water was dirty and there wasn't any soap.

August 20, 1953: Taken out of solitary and put in cell with Airmen John Thompson III and Harry Benjamin, Jr. It was great to see my buddies again.

June 23, 1954: Back into solitary for "discipline."

September 8, 1954: First mail from home, including a letter

from Toni, my fiancée. Next day, I was allowed to write home, and once a month after that.

October 10, 1954: Brought out to be charged with the others for "spying" and border violation. First time I'd seen Major William Baumer and Colonel John Arnold since we were shot down. The colonel denied the charges.

November 17, 1954: Out of solitary again.

November 23, 1954: We were brought up for sentencing. I got four years. Some of the others got longer terms. I still kept on hoping. I felt sure we'd get out of there soon.

December 7, 1954: All of us, except Colonel Arnold, were brought together. The food was better. Our hope soared with every improvement. Little did we know that we had eight months to go. But we kept on hoping and praying. On Sundays, the Catholic prisoners would say the Rosary and the Protestants would hold a Bible service. The guards would laugh and snicker at us until a houseboy brought word to let us alone.

July 31, 1955: At 7:00 P.M., they told we were going to be freed. At 10:02 P.M., they let us out of our cells.

August 3, 1955: After a three-day trip, we walked across the border to Hong Kong and freedom. One of the first to meet us was a French priest who gave me a crucifix. The biggest moment came when I was asked to say grace at a luncheon. I felt honored to say that prayer of thanks.

Howard came home to St. Paul, via Tokyo and Hawaii, on August 12, 1955. Waiting for him at the airport were his parents, his three brothers and two sisters and their families, and of course—pretty, dark-haired Toni Palermo. Still ahead were other good things he had dreamed about in prison and some he had not: Mom's cookies, the warmth of home, his wedding to Toni—and two "Sergeant Brown Days," one in St. Paul and one in his old hometown of New Richmond.

The excitement of the homecoming has quieted now. On October 2, he and Toni Palermo were wed. After the honeymoon, he reported to Bolling Field in Washington.

Sergeant Brown is grateful for many things today: the loyalty of his country, the devotion of his family, and the strength of his faith. But a bigger debt of gratitude is owed to him for the quiet courage that made his parents, his country, and his Church proud to call him their son.

Photos by Jacques Louie



Sergeant Brown still shows signs of tenseness from his years as a PW

The Sign's
PEOPLE
of the month

THE SIGN POST

by ALOYSIUS McDONOUGH, C.P.

Worship vs. Veneration

A non-Catholic friend of mine insists that we worship Mary and the other saints. She claims she can prove it from the dictionary, and that our respect for the saints and God Himself is one indiscriminate jumble.—G. S., OMAHA, NEBR.

Most dictionaries are a poor guide in matters of doctrine, because their explanation of religious terms is untidy. No wonder your friend has been misled! The compilers of up-to-date dictionaries have the good sense to consult Catholic authorities as to the precise meaning of Catholic terms. But in the case of religious terms used by all churches, such as "worship" and "veneration," the presentation is—in 1956 parlance—sloppy.



With the exception of an atheist, anybody and everybody understands that the respect due to God is due to no other being, for all other beings are mere creatures. The respect due to Him as the Creator is unique. Therefore, there should be distinctive terms reserved solely to signify our attitude toward God. The correct terms are "worship" and "adoration." Our attitude of respect for Mary and other saints is not identical with our respect for God—it bears only a faint resemblance to "worship" and "adoration" and is known correctly as "veneration."

There is a rhetorical device known as hyperbole, which even a child understands—even though he may not be familiar with the term. Hyperbole is deliberate and obvious exaggeration, indulged in in order to emphasize a point. For example, a woman may say of her favorite movie star: "Isn't he adorable! I worship the ground he walks on!" The woman who is so smitten may have a bad case of hero worship, but no one would accuse her of idolatry. When it comes to the religious respect entertained by one creature toward another, no allowance can be made for hyperbole. We may and should venerate a holy creature; we worship and adore God only. Try to explain to your friend that the indiscriminate, misleading jumble to be found in dictionaries is not representative of Catholic doctrine.

Vicious Circle

It seems to me that most all Christians—Catholics above all—are guilty of the so-called vicious circle, in reasoning along this line: We prove the divinity of the Church from the Bible, and the Church (proven divine by the Bible) certifies to the divine character of the Bible! Since both points—the divine character of the Church and the Bible—have to be established, how can you logically prove one by the other?—B. L., CHICAGO, ILL.

In accusing us of arguing in a vicious circle, you would be correct if we tried to establish the divinity of the Church from the Bible as a divinely inspired source. You must try to understand what all scholars recognize. Aside from whether the Bible be a divine document or not, and aside

from whether its divine character can be proven, it is at least a reliable human document, historically acceptable. No one deserving the rank of a scholar denies that the Bible is reliable history. From that record, we prove to any unbiased thinker that the Church is divine in its origin or by reason of its Founder, also in its mission throughout the world and in its delegated authority. Having established that all-important point as an historical fact, we are then in a position, *logically*, to accept the teaching of the Church as to the additional character of the Bible, as not only a human but also a divine document. In that line of reasoning, there is no flaw—no vicious circle or any other sophism. Why not go to a Catholic library and consult Volume 2 of *Christian Apologetics* by Devivier, S.J.? The author refutes, thoroughly and clearly, the accusation of the vicious circle and many other threadbare objections to the claims of the Catholic Church.

Epiphany

Some say the feast of the Epiphany is a holyday; others say it isn't. Who is right? What does "Epiphany" mean?—L. H., ST. PAUL, MINN.

"Epiphany" (pronounced e-pif-a-nee) is a Greek word, signifying a manifestation. As applied to the holyday observed on January 6, it signifies three manifestations of Our Lord—to the Gentiles in the persons of the Magi or wise men from the East, who paid their respects to the Divine Infant at Bethlehem; the manifestation of His divinity on the occasion of His baptism in the river Jordan (Luke 3: 22); His manifestation of divine power by the Cana miracle (John 2: 11).

Throughout the Church at large, the feast of the Epiphany is a holyday of obligation. The obligation typical of all such days is twofold—to attend Holy Mass and, to the extent that we can, to abstain from servile work. Holyday obligations extend from midnight to midnight. But in the United States, although the feast of the Epiphany is still a holyday of the highest rank, it is no longer a holyday of obligation. In this country, since 1885, such holydays have been reduced to the following six: Christmas, the Circumcision, the Ascension, the Immaculate Conception, the Assumption, and All Saints' Day.

Actors' Guild

Am anxious to locate a club or the like, which I've heard of, made up of Catholic actors and actresses.—H. S. BALTIMORE, MD.

There are many such groups throughout the country, organized on a local basis, such as that of a parish. But the best known is the Catholic Actors Guild of America, Inc., with headquarters at the Sheraton-Astor Hotel, New York 36, N. Y. It was founded in 1914 by the Rev. John T. Smith. The Actors' Chapel is a unit of St. Malachy's Church, located at West 49 St., New York City. Present membership totals well over 1,200. The purpose of the Guild is to foster the

temporal and spiritual welfare of Catholic members of the theatrical profession. Their bimonthly publication is known as the *Call Board*. In addition to many other benefits enjoyed by members, provision is made for the needy, a free hospital bed is subsidized, and a burial plot maintained. From headquarters, a medal of St. Genesius, the patron saint of actors, can be obtained.

Inflated?

Why is it that missionaries and other priests make so much ado, from the pulpit, about scandal? It seems to me they often present a "blown up" picture.—T. C., MOBILE, ALA.

You say that when you do wrong, you do not blame others for it and that you despise Eve for having tried to shift the blame. (Genesis 3:13) In all fairness to Eve, remember that Adam was the first to try shifting the blame. It is a commendable trait to shoulder the blame for your own wrongdoing and not to involve or expose others unnecessarily. But your attitude along this line has nothing to do with the question as to whether or not, before God, others share the blame for your wrongdoing. Even though people do not always advert to it, they exercise a telling influence upon the virtuous or sinful conduct of others. Example, whether good or bad, is psychologically contagious. There is a resemblance between the point of this discussion and the point of criminal law which recognizes the partial blame of an accessory. An accessory is one who, although not even present at the time, is guilty of aiding or abetting the felony committed by another.

Whenever a man is unfaithful, he encourages other weaklings who are only too eager to take their cue from him. True—whoever does the wrong thing knowingly is to blame. But, more often than not, the blame is shared by others who eased the way. This is particularly true of anyone who has a special radius of influence, such as parents. Parental delinquency is the predominant cause of juvenile delinquency. Annually, more non-Catholics are deterred from joining the Church than the number who do join, because of the unrepresentative example of "paper Catholics." So, alerts from the pulpit as to the havoc of scandal are anything but inflated.

Catholic Universities

As a recent convert, I would like to finish my education at a Catholic university. Are there many such places? Any nearby?—S. D., SELMA, N. C.

In eighteen States throughout the country, plus the District of Columbia, there are at least thirty-two universities under Catholic auspices. Aside from teachers' colleges, there are nearly two hundred colleges for men and women, of which a few are coeducational. The college for men nearest to you is Belmont Abbey College, conducted by the Benedictine Fathers. The nearest universities are Georgetown and the Catholic University of America, both within the District of Columbia. You are to be commended for bringing your education to a climax under Catholic auspices, for this is the only ideal way to attain a properly balanced education.

"Slight Sins"

Am not given to being scrupulous, but just now am muddled as to the difference between venial and mortal sins. Since every sin is offensive to God, how can there be such a thing as a "light sin?"—J. B., CHICAGO, ILL.

To say that a venial sin is less offensive than a mortal sin is not to classify it as a "light" or "slight sin." Some do have the notion that a venial sin is something of little moment, that it is not seriously wrong. That notion is absurd. Be-

cause every deliberate sin is offensive to God, it is serious. To that extent and in that sense, you are correct. But we can and must say that a venial sin is not as seriously wrong as a mortal sin.

Because there is a difference of degree in the wrongness of sins, we have to have a set of terms to indicate sins which can be fatal to our friendship with God and sins which are not fatal. In making that comparison, we do not belittle the wrongness of venial sin. For example, there is a considerable difference between a theft of \$500 and a theft of \$5. But to emphasize that difference is not to rate the \$5 theft as a trifle. To steal even \$5 from a very poor person would so increase the gravity of wrongdoing as to make an otherwise venial sin mortal. Try to understand the correct meaning of the terms "mortal" and "venial" and you will be muddled no longer.

Church Crosses

Why is it that Protestant churches do not feature the cross on their steeples and the like, as the Catholic churches do?—S. N., BOSTON, MASS.

You have asked us to solve a human mystery. Among Protestant Christians, there are, of course, at least as many viewpoints as to the divinity of Christ and the efficacy of His self-sacrifice upon the cross as there are sects. In this country alone, the divided sects run into the hundreds.

As for the elimination of the cross from the exterior of most Protestant churches, the reason may be a concerted endeavor to thus identify the churches as non-Catholic. Even on the inside, most Protestant churches exhibit the cross without the image of the Crucified. To do so is to eliminate the dominant Christian significance of the cross—the symbol of the Crucified God-Man. As for church steeples and the like, what could be more inappropriate or anonymous than to replace the cross with a mere ornamental pinnacle or a weathervane!

Eucharistic Fast

Am confused as to the new rulings on the Eucharistic fast. What must my circumstances be to entitle me to take nourishment after midnight, when I am to receive Holy Communion?—E. M., NEW YORK, N. Y.

As a memo for future reference, we recommend that you retain a copy of the following digest of the new rulings on the Eucharistic fast. In each of the five cases we are about to sketch, the advice of a priest is required; that advice may be sought outside the confessional; an approval, once given, holds good for the future, in the same circumstances.



1) *The sick:* Without any time limitation, the sick may take liquid nourishment and medicine; the patient need not be so ill as to be confined to bed or house.

2) *Workers:* Until one hour prior to the reception of Holy Communion, liquids may be taken by those engaged in hard work. This classification applies to night workers, such as hospital personnel, police, transport workers; also to housewives who have considerable domestic work to attend to before being free to go to church.

3) *Late-hour communicants:* Those who cannot receive Holy Communion until after 9 A.M. may partake of liquids until one hour before Communion time.

4) *School children:* The same privilege applies to them, under difficult circumstances, such as the necessity to go to church, return home for breakfast, and then go to school. But in their case, there is no time specification such as that applying to late-hour communicants.

5) *Travelers*: Regardless of the time of morning, the same privilege applies to those who have to walk to church, if the distance is a mile and a quarter, and to those who drive to church, if the distance is at least fifteen miles.

Water no longer breaks the Eucharistic fast, at any hour of the day or night. Under the heading of liquids, alcoholic beverages are excluded. However, if a prescription, such as cough medicine, contains a minor, normal percentage of alcohol, it may be taken.

For those who receive Holy Communion at an evening Mass, the regulations are as follows. Regular meals may be taken throughout the day, but in such a way that no solid food will be taken for a period of three hours prior to the time of Holy Communion. At those meals, beer and wine may be taken, in moderation, but beverages of a stronger alcoholic content are outruled. Nonalcoholic liquids may be taken until one hour before time. To avail oneself of the privileges just indicated, the advice of a priest is not required.

Re-Baptism

Why is it that, in the case of some converts to the Church, Baptism and the Sacrament of Penance are insisted upon, while in other cases it is otherwise?—F. S., EL PASO TEX.

In general, the reason for variation is that converts have different religious backgrounds. If it be certain that a convert has never been baptized in any way whatever,



then Baptism is administered—not in a conditional way, for safety's sake—but absolutely. Since Baptism remits both original sin and all sins committed prior to Baptism, a sacramental confession is not required before the convert's reception of Holy Communion.

If there be any doubt whatever as to the validity of a convert's previous Baptism, the sacrament is repeated conditionally, for "unless a man be born again of water and the Holy Spirit he cannot enter into the Kingdom of God." (John 3:5) Because of the possibility that the convert's previous Baptism may have been valid, the Sacrament of Penance is called for logically, to provide absolution for sins committed since the earlier Baptism.

Judgment as to the validity or invalidity of a non-Catholic Baptism is reserved to the priest who assumes responsibility for the proper incorporation of a convert into the Church, or to the Bishop's Office. Nowadays, so many non-Catholic denominations are merely "paper Christians" that there may have been a defect in the previous baptism, on the score of matter or form or the intention of the baptizing minister.

YWCA

May a Catholic girl join the YWCA, solely for the purpose of their educational courses and enjoying their recreational facilities?—F. W., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

No. The membership of Catholics in some organizations is forbidden because such societies are hostile to the Church. The Masons are an outstanding example. Other societies are forbidden to Catholics because of their hostility to lawful civil authority, as well—such as the Communists. Membership in certain other societies is considered incompatible for Catholics, because they tend to foster a spirit of neutrality or indifference toward religion. Nothing could be more unsound, logically or morally, than the notion that one religion is as good as another.

Our membership in certain secret societies or other organizations is forbidden by the Church, more or less severely, in ratio to the harm that is certain or likely to be incurred

by the Catholic. In a special message, the Holy Office exhorted bishops and pastors to alert their charges against membership in the YMCA. The same prohibition applies to its feminine counterpart, the YW—also to the junior affiliates, known as the Hi-Y Clubs. In Brooklyn, you will find an excellent swimming pool at the Hotel St. George; sewing classes at any Singer center; and any other educational courses at St. John's University.

Resignation of Pope

Could Pope Pius XII have resigned, about a year ago, when he was so ill?—R. M., SCRANTON, PA.

Canon 221 of the Church's Code of Law states that if the Roman Pontiff should resign his office, the validity of that resignation does not depend upon the acceptance of the Sacred College of Cardinals or of any other individual or group. As the Supreme Pontiff, he is subject to no one in the Church Militant. In any such matter, the Vicar of Christ may do as he deems fit. In 1294, Pope St. Celestine V abdicated.

Mother of God

I can understand why it was that, recently, in a certain diocese, some of the popular wedding marches were forbidden, but why the prohibition of the "Ave Maria"?—S. M., NEW YORK, N. Y.

It is not accurate to say simply that the singing of the *Ave Maria* has been forbidden in Catholic churches in some dioceses. Only non-Catholic versions of that prayer have been outruled. The *Ave Maria*, or Hail Mary, consists of two parts—the first is taken from the Scriptures, the second has been added by the Church. In its present form, the prayer dates back to the sixteenth century. The flaw in the non-Catholic versions is found in the second part of the prayer and consists of the omission of the words "Mother of God." To deny this title to Mary implies either one of two things—that Mary is not the Mother of Christ, or that Christ is not really God.

Few if any enemies of Christianity bother to deny that Mary is the Mother of Christ. But the denial of her motherhood of the God-Man dates back to the fifth century, to the heresy spearheaded by Nestorius, Bishop of Constantinople. According to him, Christ was not really a divine Person, was not the eternal Son of God and, logically, Mary was not the mother of a Divine Person who had made a human nature His very own. So, it should be clear that the outruling of faulty versions of the *Ave Maria* is not a case of quibbling over words or the omission of words, merely. Nor is the problem a musty one, dating back to the fifth century. If Mary be not the Mother of God, then Christ is not the eternal, divine Son of God and Christianity lacks a Divine Founder.

From the earliest days of Christianity, it has been a watchword of the Church that our prayers are a precise echo of our beliefs. Hence, the bishops of the Church, as the successors of the Apostles, must safeguard us against prayers that are heretical, either positively or negatively. We can commit sins of omission contrary to the integrity of the Faith. The omission of "*Mater Dei*" (Mother of God) from certain versions of the *Ave Maria* is a deliberate denial of Mary's Motherhood of God. That privilege is the basic, divine reason for all other privileges granted to Mary, such as her Immaculate Conception, her personal sinlessness, and her Assumption to Heaven. Deny the basis, and all other privileges seem far-fetched. Acknowledge the basic fact, and all other privileges are logical. From the Catholic viewpoint, the unique status of Mary is based upon the fact that she is the Mother of Christ, coupled with a realization that Christ is God. It would be most illogical to honor the Son and snub the Mother!

MUSIC TO THEIR EARS

by PAUL HUME

Mention politics around Washington and you may have a fight on your hands. Mention music and you'll find differences, too. But they will be strictly the nonpolitical type



Paul Hume: In an unsinister investigation, no danger of getting into a rut

WHAT lady in Washington, D.C., would you say has the most reason for including "There's Something About a Soldier" on her list of favorite songs?

If you guess Mamie Eisenhower, you're right.

And what high government official would you choose as the man *least* likely to favor "Moonlight and Roses" above all other ballads?

If you guess J. Edgar Hoover, you're wrong. He does.

The music best loved by the history-makers of the nation's Capital has appealed to the curiosity of the American people since the years when Thomas Jefferson played string quartets for relaxation after a hard day's work and President Buchanan's niece and official hostess gave the world premiere of "Listen to the Mockingbird" at a White House musicale.

These and other stories about "Music in the White House" were told in this magazine shortly after the last inauguration. But at the end of that article I

was forced to admit that I didn't have a clue as to the musical inclinations of the incoming residents—particularly those residing at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue.

That I am now prepared to give you the organized low-down on current Washington's musical favorites is entirely the doings of the American Trucking Association. How's that again? Well, it's not quite as confusing as it sounds.

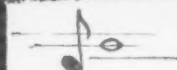
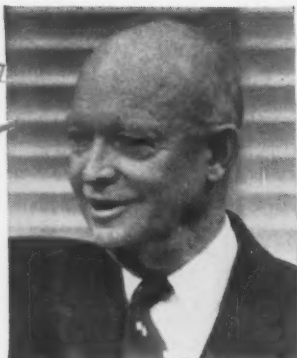
The Trucking Association, which represents the second largest industry in the country, launched a Sunday night radio show on Washington station WOL with this writer as commentator. The Truckers are good-natured types. Besides presenting weekend-weary listeners with one and three-quarter hours of absolutely commercial-less music, they take real pride in introducing people to the unofficial views of official Washington

on a subject as amicable as music. The show is called *Guest Conductor* and the idea behind it couldn't be more simple. Prominent Washingtonians—and we try to keep some sort of balance between Republicans and Democrats—are invited to give us a list of their musical favorites, with no holds barred. These are then played over the air on records.

Our investigation, I maintain, easily qualifies as the most unsinister one now going on in Washington. As chief investigator I soon realized one thing about the new program: there is no danger at all of getting into a rut. Our "guest conductors" have shown a variety of unpredictable taste ranging from "Have You Talked to the Man Upstairs," requested by the President of the Washington Board of Trade, to the Haydn String Quartet Opus 64, No. 3, requested by the Chancellor of Germany.

We've heard Bing Crosby and Rosa Ponselle, Kostelanetz and Toscanini, Richard Rodgers and Frederick Handel. We've had great swatches of Victor Her-

PAUL HUME is music critic for the *Washington Post*. He is the author of a book on Catholic Church music to be published soon by Dodd, Mead & Co.



Among the President's musical favorites are "My Blue Heaven" and "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes." Nixon goes for Mexican music and J. Edgar Hoover . . . well, you'd be surprised

bert and Hoagy Carmichael mixed with equally great chunks of Mozart and Beethoven and Hindemith.

Some of our distinguished citizens, I found early in the investigation, are out-and-out sentimentalists when it comes to their choice of favorite music. Take Vice-President Nixon, our first guest. He has a soft spot in his heart for Gilbert and Sullivan because he was once director of a *Mikado* production at his alma mater, Whittier College. He thinks kindly of "Oklahoma!" because it was the first show the Nixons saw when they came to Washington. He loves Mexican music above all, because Mexico was the locale of the Nixon honeymoon.

Nor, it is pleasant to relate, has proximity to all that green stuff removed one iota of romance from the heart of the U.S. Treasurer, Mrs. Ivy Baker Priest. Her list of favorites began with the Love Music from *Tristan and Isolde* and ended with three ballads: "I Love You Truly," "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life," and "Falling in Love with Love."

But the man who has least allowed the ruggedness of his profession to interfere with his gentle feelings about music is F.B.I. Director, J. Edgar Hoover. In addition to the aforementioned "Moonlight and Roses," Mr. Hoover called for "*Estrellita*," "The Pagan Love Song"—remember Ramon Navarro clambering about in heavy surf?—"Aloha," "Serenade in the Night," and "The Night is Young and You're so Beautiful," certainly as harmless a collection as one could ask for. He has another favorite which I was unable to play, as

no amount of searching unearthed an available recording of it: "The Texas Stomp." Some day I would love to hear "The Texas Stomp."

The show runs for one hundred and five uninterrupted minutes, and when requests do not fill out the program, I complete the time with *my* favorite music. Sometimes the guest himself unknowingly provides a clue to the extra items. Although I easily resisted suggestions that I play "Dragnet" on the J. Edgar Hoover show, I *did* play, with no comment, Prokofiev's handsome ballet suite, "The Love for Three Oranges." I don't know whether people in the audience were muttering, "Now where have I heard that before!" during the March section of the Suite. In case they were, it's the theme music for *The F.B.I. in War and Peace*.

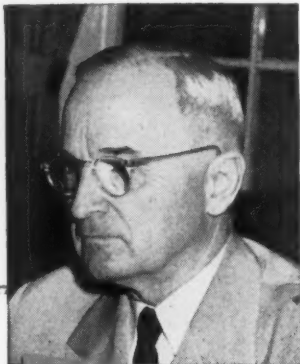
ADDITIONAL music for our third program was no problem at all. I played among other things "The Testament of Freedom" by Randall Thompson, to a text by Thomas Jefferson, and "An American in Paris" by George Gershwin. The "guest conductor" for the evening was Mrs. Eisenhower, who very kindly informed us that her list of music included presidential favorites.

Mrs. Eisenhower enjoys performing music as well as listening to it. She plays the piano and the Hammond organ, and she keeps a large record collection at the Eisenhowers' farm in Gettysburg. The President mentioned this collection one day when he was visited by a delegation from the National Symphony Orchestra. The Washington orchestra had just made some

new recordings of American music and Conductor Howard Mitchell, with some Symphony officials, had gone to the White House to present Mr. Eisenhower with the first copy. Since the Presidential office contains a monumental record-playing machine with a brand name high in the social register of radio-phonograph-TV combinations, the President suggested that they all listen to a few minutes of the new recording—the Symphony No. Three by Paul Creston. An aide immediately put the record on the turntable, set the numerous dials in their proper place, adjusted the volume, and then switched the crucial switch.

There was not a sound in the office except the ticking of clocks and watches inexorably moving on to the President's next appointment. But not a note of music interfered with them. This was understandable since the turntable refused to turn by one degree. Symphony officials got down on their hands and knees, and finally—since the turntable was strangely located near the bottom of the giant set—flat on their stomachs, attempting emergency first aid. The stricken machine was not having any. Finally the President said to an aide, "I want that thing fixed!" He added somewhat plaintively that he had been trying to have it fixed for some time with no success.

This was the cue that the president of the National Symphony Orchestra Association, Mr. Hugh Duffield, could not resist picking up. "Mr. President," he said, "if you will allow me to take care of it, it *will* be fixed. Tomorrow!" Few men in Washington were in such a



Contrary to rumor, Harry Truman doesn't like the Missouri Waltz, but Mamie Eisenhower can't resist "Something About a Soldier"

unique position to make so rash a promise about prompt repair service. Mr. Duffield, in addition to being president of the Symphony, is also general manager of all the Sears, Roebuck stores in the area. The Sears repair man was ringing the doorbell of the White House first thing next morning.

Here is the list of favorite Eisenhower music: "My Blue Heaven," "When You Wore a Tulip, a Big Yellow Tulip, and I Wore a Big Red Rose," "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes," "In the Evening by the Moonlight," "I've Got Spurs that Jingle Jangle Jingle," "I Dream of Jeannie with the Light Brown Hair," "There's Something About a Soldier," "America the Beautiful," "Roses of Picardy," and "Wagon Wheels."

PRESIDENTIAL adviser Sherman Adams, another distinguished citizen who works in the White House, is a Berlioz man, the recently formed "Berlioz Society" should be glad to hear. He asked for the *Symphonie Fantastique* and the "Romeo and Juliet" Symphony. He also likes the Brahms-Haydn Variations and the Chopin Etudes.

Ask a question on the opinions of the Ezra Taft Benson family and you get a definitive, documented answer. Like many Mormon households, the Secretary of Agriculture's family holds official weekly meetings to discuss family policy—and to answer such questions as, "What's your favorite music?"

Musical favored by big and little Bensons includes the second piano concertos of Brahms and Rachmaninoff, the fifth piano concerto of Beethoven, arias from *Bohème*, *Rigoletto*, and *Traviata*, Mor-

mon hymns sung by the famed Tabernacle choir, "America the Beautiful," and Waring arrangements of "You'll Never Walk Alone," and other popular ballads. When the Secretary's eldest son, Reid, called up to give me the list, he was taken to task by a younger Benson because he had forgotten to mention her top favorite. He called back at once to make an addition to the list: "Nola!"

Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and Mrs. Radford like the Mendelssohn *Midsummer Night's Dream* music, the Bizet *L'Arlesienne Suites*, the *Rosenkavalier* waltzes, and Tchaikovsky's *Swan Lake*.

Another lover of Tchaikovsky ballet music is Senator Estes Kefauver of Tennessee. The Kefauvers also like the Dvorak New World Symphony, and the younger members of the family put in a special order for the music from the Disney *Peter Pan*.

A good Texan, Senator Lyndon Johnson, Senate Majority leader, announced a partiality for cowboy songs. And like so many of his distinguished colleagues he's always happy with a Strauss Waltz.

Senator Stuart Symington had only one request: great sacred choral music. This was an easy show to do. We put his favorite record—one by the Robert Shaw Chorale—on the turntable and just left it there all evening.

Although the announcer's introduction to the program says something about "distinguished men and women of the nation's Capital," we have recently had some out-of-town guests. The first of these was a former resident of the White House, and a present resident of Independence, Missouri.

When Harry S. Truman agreed to be our tenth "guest conductor," I was particularly pleased, since all music-loving Washingtonians, no matter what their political emotions, have a special place in their hearts for him. As I have said before in these pages, very few Presidents have done so much to further the interests of Washington music and musicians. He is the only occupant of the White House who made it a practice to attend concerts of the National Symphony—not because it is considered polite presidential practice to show one's face at one from time to time, but because he wanted to hear the music. He used to give the Secret Service men a rough time by staying in his box to applaud the artists as long as they continued to take curtain calls, instead of allowing himself to be whisked out the side door the minute the last note ended.

Mr. Truman's list of favorite music included the Piano Sonatas of Mozart, the Mozart operas, the Chopin Nocturnes and Waltzes, particularly the Waltz in A Flat, Opus 42, known to the trade as the "two-four" Waltz, and the Beethoven Piano Concertos. For his program I chose the Mozart Piano Sonata in A Major, the one with the famous Turkish March for its closing Rondo. This was the music whose opening measures Mr. Truman played on the famous televised tour of the remodeled White House. From the Beethoven Concertos, I played the Fifth, the "Emperor." Washington audiences still remember how enthusiastically he applauded Dame Myra Hess in this music at her last appearance here.

WHEN it was announced that Harry Truman was to be our next guest, several people said to me, "What recording of the 'Missouri Waltz' will you play?" This, of course, could not have been a less likely possibility, and I would have been the most surprised man in Washington if the Truman list had come through with this item on it. The legend that Truman's favorite music is the "Missouri Waltz" will probably die even harder than the one about Franklin D. Roosevelt's loving "Home on the Range." I do not know whether Mr. Truman loathes the Waltz as much as Mr. Roosevelt loathed "Home on the Range," but by now he probably does.

Elections come and go and with each one official Washington takes on a new look. But as *Guest Conductor* continues on the air, unofficial Washington is getting a new slant on the V.I.P.'s of the Capital in a realm blissfully immune to political differences. The American Trucking Association, bless its heart, is moving new freight over new roads.



MARY gives last minute instructions to children before going to the hospital: "Now you listen to your father"



AT HOSPITAL, Marna was upset when her mother left with Dad, but the boys took whole thing in stride



FRANK AND MARY enter the now familiar portals of the hospital to begin the long wait for new baby



LEFT—Back home, there is work to be done so Frank and his mother pitch in to prepare lunch for hungry children

RIGHT—Johnny helps by stringing out vacuum cleaner cord as Frank gets down to the work of cleaning



LEFT—Getting in the spirit of the thing, Marna and Ricky try hands at dishes. Says Dad: "Sometimes they can be too helpful"

RIGHT—Donning Davey Crockett hat, Frank gives Ricky a haircut. "Ow," says Ricky, "you pulled"



When a new baby is due in the family, Mom goes to the hospital while Dad and the boys dress up in aprons and try their best to be . . .

BRAVE BACHELORS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RAE RUSSEL

ONE RECENT MORNING, Mary Sizensky of South Norwalk, Connecticut, looked at her husband Frank and said: "Well, this is the day. I have *that* feeling." Two hours later, the children were stowed in the station wagon with grandmother and the Sizensky family headed for the hospital where Mary had some hard work ahead of her. Another Sizensky was due in the world.

Back home, Frank had his work cut out for him, too. With grandmother's help, he fixed lunch. After that, Dad and Marna and the boys were on their own. Frank, Jr., fourteen, looked after the others while they played. Ricky, five, was the biggest help with the housework, pitching in eagerly with the bed-making, dish-washing, and diaper-folding. Marna, four, simply resigned herself to the fact that it's a man's world; and Johnny, two, did his best to enjoy himself amid the confusion.

If the test of a good father is how good a mother he

can be in a tight situation, Frank Sizensky passed it with flying colors. Back home after her week in the hospital, Mary supported this appraisal. "That morning I went to the hospital, I had no worries about Frank and the children. I knew Frank could do anything I could around the house. The only time I had any doubts was when they came to pick me up at the hospital when I was discharged. The children were a sight to see, all wearing mismatched clothing, some of it in the wrong sizes. Anyone would have thought they were orphans."

With a new baby in the family, the Sizenskys are looking up. Mary tells of a recent evening after the children all were in bed. "Frank and I were in the kitchen having a late cup of coffee and chatting about all the happiness children bring into a home. Frank suddenly laughed and said, 'You know, five really are not too many.' Naturally, I agreed with him."



TOP LEFT—Hanging out the laundry, Dad gets in the swing

LEFT—While children play nearby, Dad does another wash

ABOVE—Ricky is a great one with linens, likes to help make beds

RIGHT—After beds are made, he turns talents to folding diapers





OLDEST BOY Frank takes special interest in Ricky, dresses him up like Davey Crockett, lets him play with musket



LATER IN THE DAY, tired Ricky wants his mother and won't accept reason for her absence. He goes off alone to cry



STORY HOUR: Children listen as Dad reads



RICKY and Johnny find other interest



RESTLESS, too, Marna climbs on Frank



DAD GIVES UP; but kids want another story



WHEN BEDTIME COMES, children seek excuse to dawdle, wait for Frank's help to get washed and in bed



BRUSHING Marna's hair, Frank hits a tangle that draws some tears. A man lacks gentle touch



BEFORE tucking in, Frank leads night prayers. Marna prays for a little sister, but Johnny prefers a boy



A TOUCH of cologne behind the ears "to make Marna smell pretty like Mommy" stops tears

THE "PRINCESS," as Frank calls Marna, surrounded by her retinue, smiles as she talks of new baby





LATE THAT NIGHT, Frank gets call from doctor announcing that Mary gave birth to another boy



News disappoints Marna, but she says bravely: "It's okay if he's not a girl. We'll love him anyway."



EARLY next morning, Frank visits Mary in the hospital. They decide to call the baby William

"It's another boy," Frank proudly announce



A MIXED EXPRESSION OF DISMAY AND JOY

THE SIGN

oudly announces with the glee of a '\$64,000 Question' winner and the dismay of a five-time loser



SPREADS ACROSS FRANK'S FACE AS HE TELLS WAITING PHOTOGRAPHER, RAE RUSSEL, OF THE BIRTH OF THE NEW BABY

January, 1956

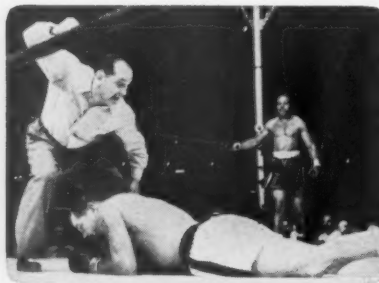
Of Horses and Men

1955 had its share of big horses and big men,
but, like others, it ended on a note of culture

by Red Smith



HIALEAH—The year was off with Nashua winning the Flamingo Stakes



MOORE V. OLSON—Archie let go a hook, Bobo "got the message"



MOORE V. MARCIANO—Next time around, Rocky played messenger boy

AS any schoolboy knows, Florida is a low peninsula of 58,560 square miles which was explored in 1513 by Ponce de Leon, who exclaimed, "Ugh!" and hastily gave it back to the Seminoles. Rediscovered by Connie Mack, who was seeking a hideout where he could conceal his Philadelphia Athletics from public view until Opening Day, this sunny sandspit found an excuse for existence as a place for grown men to disport themselves at children's games while winter still grips northern playgrounds.

This is why the sports historian, looking back upon the sweaty panorama of another year, turns to Florida as the place where it all began.

Late last winter, as usual, sportswriters were tacking back and forth among the sandburrs from the flamingo preserves of Hialeah to the palmetto thickets of Sunshine Park, from the sailfishing waters of the Gulf Stream to the shuffleboard dens of St. Petersburg, hearkening to the wisdom of Casey Stengel, probing for monosyllables from Walter Alston.

In the role of Job's comforters, they dropped in on Fred Haney, whose sins had brought him to the office of manager of the Pittsburgh Pirates. In 1954, the National League pennant had eluded the Pirates by a mere forty-four games, and readers were understandably avid for news regarding the team.

"Fred, give us your views on the National League race for this year."

"Nuts to the National League race,"

Mr. Haney said agreeably. "I got troubles of my own."

With this, the soundest pre-season analysis brought off by any of baseball's intellectuals, a new year in sports was off and stumbling.

About the same time, a strapping bay colt named Nashua, just turned three years old, was barreling around Hialeah's palmy bridle path in the \$100,000 Flamingo Stakes, more or less under the direction of Eddie Arcaro. Probably bedazzled and possibly unnerved by the chartreuse-and-magenta sports shirts of the Hialeah clientele, Nashua took a somewhat erratic course to the finish wire, causing Ted Atkinson to enter charges of offside, clipping, and assault with a dangerous and deadly horse on behalf of his mount, which finished second.

Up in the pressbox a man was chuckling appreciatively. "I can just picture this horse," he said, "in one of those jammed-up Kentucky Derby fields, bowling through the stretch like the neighborhood bully shouldering the little kids off the curb."

Arcaro seemed sympathetic toward Atkinson's complaint, though the stewards weren't.

"Want to ride this horse in the Derby, Eddie?" he was asked as he headed for an exit.

"In the Derby?" he said. "The way that sucker is running, I don't want to be in the same town with him."

The pony express had by this time brought word from California that a

handsome chestnut named Swaps, wearing the sole from a lady's shoe to protect a tender forefoot, had won the \$100,000 Santa Anita Derby, but scant attention was paid to the news. It is an article of faith in Florida that all California racing news is composed in a Chinatown joss house by a Hollywood script writer.

Nobody dreamed that by midsummer the names of Nashua and Swaps would be coupled in connection with an event that would command the widest and warmest interest and stir the most heated

disputes of all the attractions on the sports calendar.

April brought the horses and ball players and sportswriters and gollers north. On the last Saturday before the baseball season opened, a kid named Tom Sturdivant sat on the bench before a Yankee-Dodger exhibition in Brooklyn. For two seasons he had been a pitcher in the minor league. This morning he had visited Yankee Stadium for the first time in his life and found his name on a locker there.

"Gee," he said softly now, on the bench in Ebbets Field. "That Yankee Stadium is something, isn't it?" There was reverence in his voice and in his eyes the look of one who has seen a vision.

Technically, pennant races started simultaneously in the American and National Leagues. Actually, the season ended in the National the day the Dodgers played and won their first game. Running off and hiding from the opposition, the Brooklyns made a mockery of their race but there would be excursions and alarms all summer in the American.

Separation of church and stake, an American tradition, broke down in the Kentucky Derby. Rex Ellsworth and Meshach Tenney, the Mormon cattlemen who own and train Swaps, give 10 per cent of their winnings to the Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter Day Saints. Jim Fitzsimmons, Nashua's trainer, contributes generously in Sheephead Bay, Long Island, to Catholic, Protestant, and

Jew. Perhaps it is a mistake to split the ticket. Swaps won, for a net purse of \$108,400.

Subsequently Nashua polished off the Preakness and Belmont Stakes, but by then Swaps was safely back in California. "It's like having somebody punch you on the nose and run," a man complained to Mr. Fitz's son, John. Agitation for a match race was beginning.

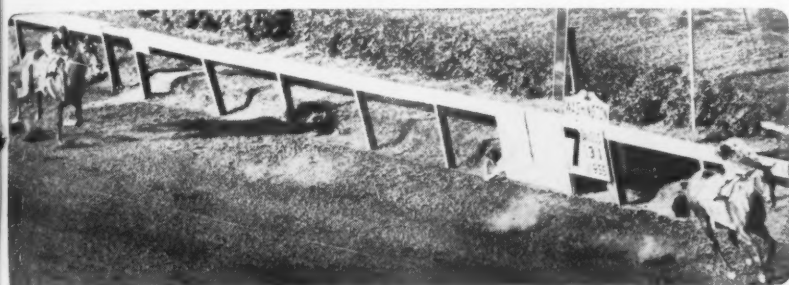
Immediately after the Derby, attention swung west to focus on a ring sixteen feet square in Kezar Stadium, San

Now they were fighting again, this time the balding middleweight champion, Bobo Olson, and the glib old boss of the light-heavyweights, Archie Moore. Archie hooked and Olson, in Moore's words, "got the message." Bobo fell on his head and Moore was elected by acclamation as Marciano's next challenger. He chose as training site the town of North Adams in scenic western Massachusetts, where his eloquence left visitors agape and bemused.

"Three to one," Harry Mendel, the

his stable insisted he had been sound going into the race, suggested he might have injured himself at the start. Ever since, Californians have contended passionately that their representative was unfit and the race not truly run, but it is just as plausible that Nashua, going the first mile in brilliant time over a track made of briquettes, ran his rival lame.

Back in Archie Moore's camp, returning visitors asked Harry Mendel, "Has he sold the Mohawk Trail yet?" "No,"



NASHUA V. SWAPS—After losing to the horse from the West in the Derby, Nashua came back to run poor Swaps lame in a match race out Chicago way



YANKS V. DODGERS—Another Subway series, but a new ending

Francisco, where Rocky Marciano was defending the heavyweight championship of the world against an English fat boy, Don Cockell.

The personification of British pluck, Cockell would have fought cheerfully and unsuccessfully in a telephone booth, but his chauvinistic camp followers screamed across two continents that the undersized ring was a sample of the same low American cunning that had done in their boy, Burgoyne, at Saratoga. For Cockell they wanted a ten-acre field, heavily wooded.

Because of theater television commitments in the Eastern time zone, the fighters climbed into the ring as the sun was setting beyond the Golden Gate, lighting up the sky. The vapor trails of jet planes were golden ropes crisscrossing the blue. Some minutes later, Cockell was sagging against more substantial ropes, pounded into a plucky stupor by the most violent barrage Marciano ever fired.

"Dirty fighter!" cried Don's fellow travelers, and they ran to Cockell for confirmation that he had been beaten by foul tactics.

"I was not aware of it," he said firmly.

The ball games went on, establishing three young men as the brightest of bright stars of tomorrow. These are the Giants' enthralling Willie Mays, the Detroit Tigers' Al Kaline, twenty-year-old son of a Baltimore broommaker, and Ernie Banks, of the Chicago Cubs, who plays shortstop like Glenn Wright and hits forty-one homers in a season.

camp publicist, offered, "that before he leaves he sells the Mohawk Trail to a stranger."

As predicted, the Yankees and Cleveland Indians were the foremost contenders in the American League, with the Chicago White Sox repeatedly hornoring into the quarrel. In August the Detroit Tigers made a lively challenge, then fell back. All of a sudden, here came the Boston Red Sox.

Through May, June, and July, public demand was growing for another meeting of Swaps and Nashua. Since the Derby, the Western colt had whipped everything led onto a track against him in California or Chicago. He was unbeaten as a three-year-old. Nashua was clearly the best in the East, defeated only by Swaps and only in the Derby. At length Ben Lindheimer got the match for Washington Park, outside Chicago, by offering \$100,000, winner-take-all.

Perhaps no other horse race ever commanded such interest, stirred such excitement. Superbly ridden by Arcaro, Nashua gave Swaps a resounding beating. Arcaro whipped away from the post and took possession of a firm path near the rail which offered fair footing on the drying track. This kept Willie Shoemaker and Swaps on the outside, and Shoemaker was forced to steer even wider to find another comparatively dry path beyond the soft stuff. Nashua simply ran Swaps hollow, then drew away.

Next day Swaps was sore. Reluctant to use the tender forefoot as an excuse,

Harry said, "but the Taconic is gone." Moore can spellbind an audience, but Marciano's mitten is the last word. This time it was Rocky who delivered "the message." Archie took it, and kept it.

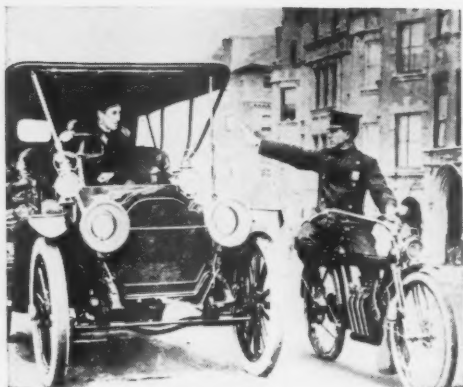
The Red Sox ran out of gas. With about a week to go, Cleveland gave up. The World Series looked like the old story, Yankees vs. Dodgers, but this time there was a new twist.

This time, and it was the first time ever, against any adversary, Brooklyn won. It required the maximum limit of seven games, and a lefthanded country boy from the Adirondacks, Johnny Podres. Playmates were still mauling him with bruising affection after the last game when Tin Pan Alley canonized him in a hymn of numbing piety: "Johnny Podres Has a Halo 'Round His Head."

The football season was, of course, already in swing. Of the games witnessed here, Notre Dame-Penn was by far the most memorable, a throwback to the days of Minsky burlesque. Exactly once in the entire afternoon did Pennsylvania's defense stop a play. Not once did Notre Dame give up the ball on downs or deign to punt.

Yet Penn scored first and led, 7 to 0; was tied at 7 to 7; went ahead again, 14 to 7, and halfway through the third period it was still a tie, 14 to 14. Ultimately, of course, Notre Dame creamed 'em, but it had been wonderful comedy, like a midget bullying Primo Carnera.

After football comes basketball. The year always closes on a cultural note.



In tagless days, drivers had a field day

THE United States is a nation on wheels and each vehicle that rolls along the roads carries a steel license plate. One of the oddest facts about these auto tags is that the average driver cannot remember his license number. A young lady neatly solved this problem in her own case by writing her State Department of Motor Vehicles and requesting license plate number 1-928-135. "You see," she wrote, "I was born in 1928 and weigh 135. I can remember both of these numbers."

Despite their importance to all motorists, few appreciate the evolution of license plates or understand the significance of the numbers and letters displayed on them. Some fifty years ago "horseless carriage" drivers nurtured their motoring mania by frightening horses. Sometimes these antics injured innocent passers-by. Local police officers presented motorists who so disturbed the peace with summonses to appear in court. But when the date of the hearing arrived, most of the offenders could not be found. They had given fictitious names and addresses and there was no way to trace them.

To stop this deception, New York, in 1901, enacted a law requiring all car owners to register with the Secretary of State at Albany. The applicants then received a half-dollar-size aluminum disk bearing a number and the words: "N. Y. State Motor Vehicle Law." During that first year New York realized approximately \$1,000 worth of revenue from this source.

Following New York's lead, other states began issuing license numbers, leaving it to individual owners to see that they were placed on the vehicle. Some drivers simply painted the number on the rear end of their cars or on the glass coverings of the headlights. Others purchased ready-made markers from local harness makers. In case of accident, a driver could no longer escape his responsibility. He could now be

traced through his license plate number.

From 1920 until the outbreak of World War II most states issued the familiar steel plates with embossed figures. During war periods many motor vehicle departments adopt substitutes because of steel shortages. Illinois, for instance, once issued a tag of compressed paper of soya bean content, but had to discontinue it when it was found that certain farm animals considered the plates tasty snacks.

Today the majority of license plates are manufactured by state prisons and penitentiaries. Strangely enough there is no standardization among the states as to width and height of tags.

Extensive research by vision experts has shown that a combination with a light background and dark numerals has the best legibility. The experts favor white or yellow for the background and black or dark green for the numerals. About half the states, however, use just the reverse of what the experts recommend.

Many motor vehicle departments use their auto tags to advertise their states.

Seventeen states now employ symbols and slogans on their plates, such as Arizona's "The Grand Canyon State" and New York's "The Empire State."

Automobile licenses have undergone a surprising evolution since the first crude leather and aluminum tags. With so many varieties, registration plates offer a fertile field for collectors and hobbyists. In the United States, there are some thirty to forty collectors who have more than 1,500 types of auto tags. Some collect only pleasure car license plates of this country; others include foreign countries; a few specialize in odd plates and those which have been issued to celebrities.

A prize for any collection would be the license tag of the President of the United States, who selects any number that might strike his fancy. The Vice-President traditionally receives license number 111. One of the oddest, however, is plate number 31-770, issued each year to an Illinois motorist. Upside down and backwards it spells his name—OLLIE.

A hobbyist's collection. Among others: China, Korea, Sweden, Persia



PASSPORTS OF THE HIGHWAY

by Frank Remington

There's a reason for the little tag on your car. It has an interesting history

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BOOKS

LAND FOR THEIR INHERITANCE

By E. M. Granger Bennett. 317 pages.
Bouregy & Curl. \$3.50

Land for Their Inheritance makes one think of the saying about the Pilgrim Mothers: they had to put up with everything the Pilgrim Fathers put up with—and with the Pilgrim Fathers too.

Mrs. Bennett's lively novel about the first settlers of Quebec shows them enduring as much snow, cold, hunger, and redskin scares as the "Mayflower's" passengers, under considerably great political handicaps. In fact, her hero, Louis Hebert, Paris apothecary, turned Canadian homesteader, seems to suffer worse from the cheating of the trading company that financed him than from any mere marauding Indian braves.

The adventures of all the Heberts are told with pace and pathos. This novel, complex without confusion, has sharply individualized characters. Louis Hebert and his wife, Marie, meet dangers and obstacles with true French practicality. The daughters have the explorer's romantic love for a new world.

Sieur de Champlain, the Recollet Father Joseph Le Caron, and the Jesuit, Jean de Brebeuf, are excellently realized as shining types of courage and self-sacrifice.

Land for Their Inheritance can be highly recommended for its entertainment and historical values. It evokes the life of French Canada's pioneers, saints and rascals both.

GLORINDA CLARKE.

AN EPISODE OF SPARROWS

By Rumer Godden. 247 pages.
Viking. \$3.50

With a mixture of compassion and strictest honesty, Rumer Godden gives us the character of Lovejoy, an unforgettable waif compounded of prevarications, courage, loneliness, determination, and a basic code of integrity. Lovejoy is that rare breed, a dreamer and a doer too, and to her only two things are sacred: the secret garden she and Tip Malone had built



Rumer Godden

so painstakingly behind the wall of Our Lady of Sion Church and the mother who fluttered in for a visit once or twice a year between stage engagements. She would not have recognized it as such, but in both she was seeking the fulfillment of a real hunger for beauty.

And while others on the street might pursue just as true forms of perfection—Mr. Vincent, who lived for nothing but the clientele of Real People his restaurant deserved; green-thumbed Mr. Isbister, ready to sacrifice his summer holiday to own the breathtaking champion rose, Jiminy Cricket; and Mrs. Cleary and Miss Arnot, the devoted slaves of fifteen cats—yet, how many would have risked all for their vision, as Lovejoy had?

If here Miss Godden does not quite scale the poetic summits of *The River*, still *An Episode of Sparrows* is beguiling enough in its innocence to move the same sensitive audience. And how refreshing it is to see a genuine gem of a novel get the Book-of-the-Month Club nod over some undeserving but more raucous attention-bidder!

LOIS SLADE PUSATERI.

RETREAT FROM LEARNING

By Joan Dunn. 224 pages.
McKay. \$3.00

After four years as a teacher in one of New York City's big public high schools, the author of this vivid and important book resigned in despair. Like many good teachers before her (and like many to come), she had had enough of progressive education, the tenets of which in her opinion have reduced many of our schools to "such desperate shape that they can take a good child and corrupt him."

Most recent criticisms of progressive education are heavy on the theoretical side. Miss Dunn has redressed the balance. Her book is a case history, a day-by-day account of what goes on in the "Blackboard Jungle." The resultant picture is ugly and alarming in the extreme.

Progressive educators prattle of "change," but their basic premise is the untouchable dogma that moral values are relative and subjective. So Junior cheated in his final exam? The question is not was his action right or wrong. The question is what did Junior gain.

Since, by cheating, he got a passing grade and so stayed with his age-group, his action is to be condoned. Presumably, he could have gained the same end—and reaped the same rewards—by forcing teacher to pass him at the point of a gun.

Miss Dunn has no patience with the "sentimental" notion that all adolescents are teachable. What, she asks, is the good of a state law compelling Junior to remain in school willy nilly until he is so many years old? Defenders of the custom say that at the very least it keeps Junior "off the street." Actually, says Miss Dunn, thousands of bored, restless, and "unteachable" Juniors have simply brought the street into the classroom.

The boast of progressive educators is that their systems produce "integrated citizens." In truth, as Miss Dunn sees it, they are producing a generation of "animals," innocent of manners, contemptuous of all authority, and often totally uneducated.

The solution? Radical surgery, says Miss Dunn. The public school system "is sick in its guts . . . and cannot be cured by a band-aid." The solution is to scuttle the worse tenets of America's most vicious vested interest—progressive education.

MILTON LOMASK.

THE NEW DIMENSIONS OF PEACE

By Chester Bowles. 391 pages.
Harper. \$4.50

Chester Bowles surveys the contemporary world in the light of the three great revolutions of our time which, he contends, are at once the cause and the effect of the major problems we face. The revolutions are those of Lenin, Mao Tse-tung, and Gandhi. They spring, each with its characteristic degree of correspondence to the truth, from the desire of whole continents of peoples to move from the shadow of poverty and oppression into the light of a truly human order of freedom and dignity.

That the first two of these movements have, in reality, led two of the great



C. Bowles

"Going through your book, I find that you have made very profound studies of this question and have brought out in the clear inescapable principles and truths."

SAMUEL CARDINAL STRITCH, Archbishop of Chicago.

THE LIBERTY OF THE SCHOOL AND FAMILY EDUCATION—by Lino A. Ciarlantini, J.U.D., Sc.S.D.

"I am going to find this book very very, helpful. I hope your grand book will have many readers."

RICHARD J. CUSHING, Archbishop of Boston.

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V. BARTOCETTI from Vatican Daily Newspaper: L' OSSERVATORE ROMANO.

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E. BORGET, Teacher at Maple Shade, N. J.

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powers of the world to counterfeit this order in a new and more monstrous kind of tyranny does not alter the fact that for millions of depressed human beings they can appear as a hope of liberation.

In a world obsessed by the idea of revolution as the gateway to economic and social justice, there is yet another and greater revolution of which, Mr. Bowles maintains, it is up to us Americans to demonstrate the permanent validity. That is our own movement which set out to show the world that "all men are created equal and are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights." If they are reflected in our dealings with people throughout the world, the generous concepts of the American revolution are still, nearly two centuries later, the most dynamic appeal to human aspirations for justice and peace.

The author's credentials are impressive for the task he has undertaken in his book. But over and above his technical competency, a warmth of human feeling, a personal concern for the well-being of people, a thirst for truth and justice, a tempered optimism and faith in human good-will make the reading of his book a refreshing as well as informative experience.

FENTON MORAN.

THE LIFE OF RUDYARD KIPLING

By C. E. Carrington. 433 pages. Doubleday. \$5.50

When Rudyard Kipling was but thirty-six years old, he was touted one of England's greatest authors. He was rich and famous, the most talked about and the most quoted living writer.

Some twelve years before, he had set sail for England from India (where he was born of English parents), clutching a packet of papers under his arm. The following year, 1890, these bulky papers were published. Practically overnight he became a literary success.

At the time, however, critics suggested that this neophyte lacked staying-power, that he was just "a comet of the season." Obviously their judgment was faulty. For he went on to write some five romances, more than two hundred short stories, over a thousand pages of verse, several miscellaneous volumes: all of which sold widely. Even today, almost twenty years after his death, his works are still being read. Few contemporary authors have had Kipling's perennial popularity.

What is the secret of his appeal? What kind of man could evoke love or hate, or love and hate together, in almost every reader? This authorized biography holds many answers. Several aspects of Kipling's life never before published are found in this stimulating study; yet,

on the whole, this so-called "definitive life of Kipling" is more adulation than objective evaluation.

GEORGE A. CEVASCO,

MR. NEW YORK

By Grover Whalen. 312 pages. Putnam. \$5.00

Those who remember Grover Whalen chiefly as New York City's official greeter of celebrities may not be aware of the background and solid achievements of this public-spirited citizen. While General Manager of Wanamaker's, Mr. Whalen was drafted into service as Mayor Hylan's secretary, was Police Commissioner under Mayor Walker, and achieved a tremendous success as administrator of the New York World's Fair. As a public servant for thirty-five years under seven mayors, Mr. Whalen was a keen observer of men and events. The stories he relates shed considerable light on various persons, and some of his anecdotes are hilarious.

Mr. Whalen shatters one illusion. It seems that those ticker-tape blizzards were not spontaneous in inception. Mr. Whalen says that he and his associates conceived the idea at the reception for the Prince of Wales in 1919. This admission will not enhance his popularity with the Department of Sanitation. It has also been assumed that Harry S. Truman knew all along that he would defeat Governor Dewey for the presidency in 1948. According to the author, Mr. Truman greeted the Governor in July of that year by saying: "I hope you'll like the White House."

There is an error on page 298 that slipped by somehow. The graves of Hamilton, Fulton, and Captain Lawrence are said to be located at St. Paul's Chapel instead of in the Trinity Church graveyard. This is a warmly appealing book that is both informative and amusing.

DOYLE HENNESSY.

CASH McCALL

By Cameron Hawley. 444 pages. Houghton Mifflin. \$3.95

No, our gallant hero isn't called Cash because of his flair for making a swift billion. (It seems, it was a family name on his mother's side.) Nor does the novel's force generate from his personality or that of his eager love, Lory, but in the many realistic minor characters and ramifications of plot.

It is the story of a clever man's clever use of the "current tax situation" to build an empire by buying, refurbishing, and reselling drying businesses. It is a



C. Hawley

romance of the balance sheet and annual report.

Cameron Hawley writes with enthusiasm and color of the grandeur and misery of the up-and-coming—and failing—American businessman's career; sparing us both mock heroics and unlikely tragedies.

The main flaw in this flight of financial fantasy is: Cash is presented as the super-tycoon, the money genius of the age. Nonetheless he is oblivious of the need of good public relations, naïvely unconcerned about his professional good name.

This, however, seems to be an integral factor in Mr. Hawley's plot, and his plot entertains. *Cash McCall* is a step forward in America's latest literary crusade to prove that just because a man makes money he doesn't necessarily wear a cloven hoof.

CLORINDA CLARKE.

CASTLE GARAC

By Nicholas Monsarrat. 258 pages.
Knopf. \$3.50

That good old follow-through tactic is missing in Mr. Monsarrat's novel to give it the class of a champion. After revving up a succulently suspenseful situation in the opening chapters, he settles for a commonplace denouement without flair or finesse.



N. Monsarrat

Aforesaid situation involves a pair of international smoothies, Paul and Anna Ehrenhardt, obviously living by their wits, who hire one Tom Welles, a destitute American writer stranded in Paris, as a confidential secretary. The terms of Welles' unorthodox employment narrow down to entertaining the seductive Anna, dressing prosperously on his generous salary, and keeping a discreet silence while he searches for a medieval castle and a blonde French girl who will agree to drop from sight for a matter of months.

Vaguely suspicious that the Ehrenhardts may be engaged in shady business, Tom nevertheless produces the castle, a moldy, mountain fortress once the home of the de Garac family, where Paul proposes to stage some secretive sort of "production" and even a girl to fit the specifications, Angèle Corton. Charmed by her freshness, he reluctantly introduces her to Paul. When Angèle and the Ehrenhardts disappear overnight leaving an implausible letter of explanation, Tom decides to ferret out the mystery at Garac castle.

From that point the story line slackens considerably to let coincidence ply the reins. Events are too neatly manipulated to be intriguing. But perhaps all might

be forgiven except for the final sour note—Angèle's unabashed proposition to Tom. Which just proves you can't always judge a maiden by her name.

LOIS SLADE PUSATERI.

COLLECTIVISM ON THE CAMPUS

By E. Merrill Root. 403 pages.
Devin-Adair. \$5.00

Professor Root confirms, all too plainly for comfort, the now famous statement of Prof. Ludwig Lewisohn of Brandeis University, that "the only scholar, the only type of student who is still forced into a defensive position on American campuses today is the conservative teacher or student, the religious teacher or student."

Long convinced that the Communist-Socialist doctrines were being insidiously promulgated among students and that the collectivist domination of the colleges and universities had been a fact for some years, Mr. Root began intensive research and study to discover the truth. This book, an organized body of facts, subtitled "The Battle for the Mind in American Colleges," tells in detail how this has come about.

The chapter on "the nature of the Communist professor" is a documented presentation of the manner in which Red profs act or talk on the witness stand or in the classroom. "Five Communist Professors" reviews the stories and gives testimony by and about such well-known characters as Professors Maurice Halperin, Dirk J. Struik, Wendell H. Furry, Ralph Gundlach, and Herbert Philipps.

Both sides are shown: who and where the Communists, socialists, and totalitarian "liberal" teachers are and how they operate in and out of the classroom; and, on the defensive side, the anti-collectivists, the hard-pressed individualists, Dr. Frank Richardson, University of Nevada; Prof. A. H. Hobbs, of the Wharton School of the University of Pennsylvania. Mr. Root examines the cases of individual students who have resisted "brain-changing," Nancy Fellers, Patricia Bozell, Robert V. Andelson, and others.

From his first chapter where he praises the battle for the mind in the American college, to the last, with its strong affirmative note, Mr. Root's book is a liberal education in the infiltration of American education.

IRENE CORBALLY KUHN.

A NIGHT TO REMEMBER

By Walter Lord. 209 pages.
Holt. \$3.50

When the "Titanic" slid under cold, black North Atlantic waters in the early morning hours of April 12, 1912, a

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world not yet inured to the carnage of two world wars was profoundly shocked. As a result of the disaster, in which more than 1800 lives were lost, new safety rules were laid down for ocean travel and, though the process was slower, fuel was added to a growing social transformation in which the privileges of wealth were gradually whittled away.

This account of the last hours of the ill-starred ocean mammoth—written by a man who has interviewed dozens of "Titanic" survivors and pored over countless pages of research material—is undoubtedly an accurate report of what transpired on the decks, in the cabins, and adrift in the lifeboats of the White Star liner. Curiously, the author fails to make a stirring, dramatic chronicle of the disaster. The voluminous notes, the impressive research, and documentation are interesting, and the author's accent on the restraints and discrimination practiced against third-class passengers is an important contribution.

A Night to Remember is an interesting documentation, but it misses the mark in transmitting the full impact of the terrors, the heroics, and the tragedies of that terrible night when an iceberg abruptly ended the maiden voyage of a great liner.

JERRY COTTER.

THE LARK'S ON THE WING

by Mary Carlier.
Bruce.

291 pages.
\$3.50

It would be hard to find a more engaging story of a large family than this. The Garneaus and their five girls lived on Gladly farm in Ohio until the depression forced them to move to a succession of smaller and less profitable ones. Susan, a former schoolteacher, was determined that her children have all the advantages of life that money doesn't necessarily buy: poetry, music, companionship, closeness to nature, and the opportunity of making sacrifices for a common cause.

Despite money problems which made their father a silent, bitter man, the girls, Sylvia, Ruth, Dolores, Maggie—who tells the story—and Abbie, have a generous share of joys and sorrows, mischievous escapades, and adolescent romances. They lived in dread of Aunt Ellie's visits, unavoidable because she held a large note for the farm. Aunt Ellie was a stern spinster who made them outlandish dresses out of old drapery material and insisted that they wear bags of cooked onions around their necks when they had colds.

Suddenly—or so it seemed—after having contended with crowds of chickens, balky mules, indifferent soil, drought, and a cantankerous Tin Lizzie named Madame T., the girls were grown up, looking for jobs, and falling in love. After the war, when Stephen, a neighbor-

ing farmer, gives Gladly farm to Maggie for a wedding present, Susan Garneau peacefully ends her days, once more at home, satisfied with a job well done. A light-hearted story told with delicate humor.

PAULA BOWES.

THE LAMPS WENT OUT IN EUROPE

By Ludwig Reiners.
Pantheon.

310 pages.
\$5.00

The author of this interesting study believes that historical events are the direct result of the concrete acts of human agents. His analysis of World War I, therefore, is based less on fundamental issues than on the human errors and "tragic blundering" that led to the great conflict.

Undoubtedly, the personal element in history has been frequently neglected and Mr. Reiner's book is thus a stimulating and often original corrective. Though he is not a professional historian, the author is sufficiently familiar with the abundant material—archives, memoirs, and official documents—which has been the basis of more serious studies. He deals mainly, however, with the personalities involved, and his characterizations of Franz Josef, Isvolsky, Sir Edward Grey, and other European statesmen are shrewd if not often brilliant.

Unfortunately, and perhaps inevitably, Mr. Reiners occasionally goes to extremes. With regard to Bismarck's Reinsurance Treaty, for example, it is at least doubtful that Holstein's arguments against renewal were as empty and ridiculous as they are made out to be. Though none of Bismarck's successors measured up to his greatness as a statesman, it is rather difficult to believe that they deserve the severe and often flip-



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—Charles Fogarty

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pant treatment which the author gives.

Because of its particular emphasis, the book makes for absorbing reading and is almost as readable as a first-class novel. It deserves to be included in any bibliography dealing with the collapse of the German Empire. The scholarly reader, however, will want to supplement Reiners' analysis with the more scholarly, if less amusing, studies of Sidney Bradshaw Fay and William L. Langer.

CHARLES P. BRUDERLE

SHORT NOTICES

THE CORSAIR. By Madeleine Fabiola Kent. 299 pages. Doubleday. \$3.95. John Lafitte lives on! Among the countless minor figures in American history, his name seems to have a singular appeal. Was he a pirate or a privateer? A scoundrel or a gentleman? What was his part in the Battle of New Orleans? This fictionalized treatment of his life has for its thesis that Lafitte has been maligned by historians. Accordingly he is pictured as a fearless corsair, a loyal American who sailed his own ships as vessels of war against the British. Whatever the truth, *The Corsair* is a satisfying adventure story.

ST. PIUS X. By Leonard von Matt & Nello Vian. 150 plates. 90 pages. Regnery. \$6.00. Something new and different in hagiography: a picture biography of St. Pius X. There are 150 photographs of all the places associated in any way with the Saint; the place where he was born and raised and the places where he did his work for God as priest, bishop, cardinal, and Pope. The pictures, taken by von Matt, are



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arranged in thirty groups, each section dealing with a particular phase of the Saint's life, and are accompanied by descriptive notes. Each section is preceded by a short biographical essay by Nello Vian, relating to the events pictured in the section accompanying it. Most of the pictures have never been published before and they of course give a sharper sense of reality to the life that is described in the essays. It is a beautiful book and will make an ideal gift.

FATHER TO THE IMMIGRANTS. By Icilio Felici. 248 pages. Kenedy. \$3.00. The name of Bishop John Scalabrini will not strike a familiar note in the minds of many Americans. Yet this Bishop of Piacenza, Italy, exercised a vast influence on the large number of Italian immigrants flowing into our country during the late nineteenth and early twentieth century.

The reader may disagree with Father Felici's views on the national parish. He may feel that the real Bishop Scalabrini, hidden at times in the author's moralizing maze, is an even more dynamic figure than the one presented by the author. But the reader will not regret having met Bishop Scalabrini, "a zealous, dynamic priest, a model pastor, a wise and saintly Bishop," and also one of America's foremost missionaries.


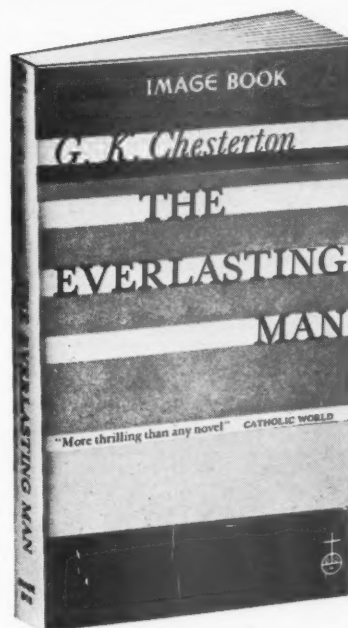
NEW FOUND WORLD. By Harold Lamb. 336 pages. Doubleday. \$5.75. Until now Harold Lamb has been mainly known as the author of historical narratives and biographies which were redolent of the "gorgeous East": Theodora, Suleiman the Magnificent, Ivan the Terrible, Alexander the Great are some of the subjects he has chosen. In *New Found World* he turns to a different scene, one less exotic, perhaps, but equally romantic—the discovery and exploration of North America.

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THE LIBERTY OF THE SCHOOL AND FAMILY EDUCATION. By Lino A. Ciarlantini. 253 pages. Educational Publishers. \$2.75. Certainly more divisive than the schools themselves is the question as to why there are, and should be, private schools at all. The answer is to be found in the

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natural law that governs the parents' right to educate and the State's duty to assist. Here is a book which exposes that law in a crisp, ultralogical style, with theological and historical accuracy, and even readability. The author concludes that education is a natural right of parents, one of the basic liberties of civil society, and a definite need of democracy. There is excellent material here for discussion clubs. Educators and clergy will find it a highly useful summation.

BEGINNING AT HOME. By Mary Perkins. Liturgical Press. 158 pages. \$3.00. This book is subtitled "The Challenge of Christian Parenthood" and it does justice to its topic. Miss Perkins is concerned to show how today's parents can give their children a pattern for real Christian living while swimming against the tide of modern secularism. Recognizing that each family must use its particular virtues and abilities to accomplish this, she wisely sticks close to ideals, giving few examples. Each chapter is illustrated by Virginia Broderick, and Emerson and Arleen Hynes have provided provocative discussion topics for those families who might use—and much to their profit—this book for study club material.

BEATI. By Msgr. Thomas F. Burke. 129 pages. Church Chronicle Pub. Co., \$3.50. This is a volume of sermon and conference outlines which, while serving the obvious function of preaching aids, may also be used as material for



After-Effect

► E. E. Kenyon tells this one in the *American Weekly*:

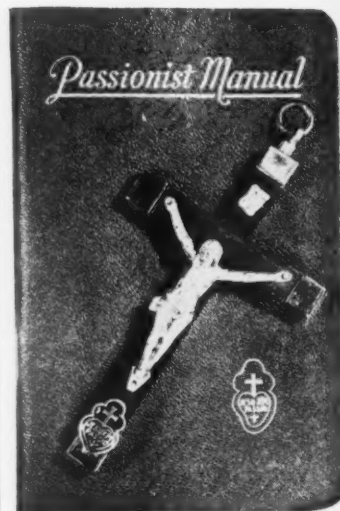
A group of old-time performers were seated in Lindy's restaurant on Broadway, recalling their "triumphs" in the theater.

"You probably don't remember me when I was an acrobat," said one. "I used to do cartwheels all over the stage with a knife between my teeth."

"A knife in your mouth?" sniffed a listener. "And you never cut yourself?"

"Never cut myself?" retorted the first. "I suppose you think I'm smiling!"

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the preacher's private meditation. The subjects covered are the last words of Christ from the Cross, Purgatory, the spiritual works of mercy, the seven principal virtues, and the eight beatitudes. The author makes a concise analysis of each topic and indicates practical homiletic aspects of it. His idea is to stimulate the mind of the preacher to develop Christian truth in his own way to suit his own preaching need and style. A doctor in philosophy and theology and pastor of a large parish in the Archdiocese of Newark, Monsignor Burke draws on a rich experience of preaching requisites as viewed from both the pulpit and the pew, as the Church adjusts to the age of the atom and the jet.

THE PASTOR'S CAT. By Edward Vincent Dailey. 146 pages. Bruce \$2.75. Chicago's North Side during the depression days provides Monsignor Dailey with an opportunity to dip into his own highly interesting past and draw twenty-one vignettes. Each of the persons about whom the former assistant curate at Holy Name Cathedral writes are people who, like the good Father's cat, have strayed. And like his cat, they have come home again.

One is tempted to call Monsignor Dailey a Damon Runyon with a Roman collar. His characters are human and quite lovable. Although they have their share of imperfections and foibles, they move unhesitatingly toward their God. There is much in these short sketches to recommend them to the reader of light literature who delights in genuine humanity seen through humane and Christian eyes.

PASTORAL PSYCHOLOGY IN PRACTICE. By Willibald Demal, O. S. B. 249 pages. Kenedy. \$4.00. This book which appears rather small (249 pages) actually contains within it a great deal of material, partially due to the small print which has been used and partially due to Father Demal's incisive approach to many psychological problems.

Perhaps the central theme of the text might best be stated in Father Demal's frequent use of the phrase, "*gratia supponit naturam.*" It seems evident that his desire to place pastoral care on the firm basis of psychological understanding of people has been the motivation for this carefully written book.

The style and the argumentation of the book is more popular than scientific. One finds the usual European emphasis on temperament, body types, and the work of Ernst Kretschmer. The discussion of the psychological differences between the sexes is one of the most interesting sections of the book although it appears at times somewhat exaggerated and more poetic than scientific.

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DOWNFALL OF A DICTATOR

(Continued from page 21)

Buenos Aires rose, the Alianza Nacionalista was blasted to pieces, Perón fled, his empire wrecked, unwept, unhonored, and unsung. A handful of brave men had pulled him down. To quote Churchill: "Never did so many owe so much to so few."

On November 11, the Bishops called on the President, General Eduardo Lonardi, a Christian gentleman with a blameless record, and requested the derogation of the anti-Catholic and, in the opinion of eminent Argentine jurists, unconstitutional laws passed by Peron. "The decision," they said, "should be left to the people when they go to the polls." Lonardi assured his visitors such was his intention, but pointed out he had to proceed cautiously as great pressure was being brought on him. He did not specify of what nature nor from what quarter. The Bishops left well impressed.

Two days later Lonardi and most of the men who had risked their lives to free the country of Perón were forced out of office by a military coup and Argentina hovered on the verge of civil war. That danger still exists.

• Anger is only one letter short of danger.—Quote

What did it all mean? The preceding week the press had been calling Lonardi's collaborators Nazis, Fascists, and dangerous nationalists, adding: "Priests get back into your sacristies and keep out of politics!" Lonardi may not have been wise in the choice of some of his Cabinet Ministers who were possibly of extreme right or nationalist tendencies. That is an open question. But what the Catholics noticed with dismay, after the smoke had cleared away, was that the men thrown out were all practicing Catholics.

When, however, the new boss, General Aramburu, himself a good man, announced his Cabinet, people heaved a sigh of relief. These were good men too. Yet there were dissenters: "The power that overthrew a popular hero like Lonardi," they argued, "was certainly not Catholic. That same power can overthrow these new men in five minutes. They are there to lull us into a false sense of security."

The impression is growing that it is the Freemasons from Montevideo, Uruguay, working with liberals and leftists, who are behind the move to deprive the Catholics of their hard-won gains, and seize power in the next elections.

At present there is liberty of the press and radio for everybody, except the Catholics. So the pamphlets have started again.

LETTERS

(Continued from page 6)

NOT QUITE SO SIMPLE?

Your brief but concise treatment (October, p. 10) of the investigations of the House un-American Activities subcommittee was welcome reading.

Except for your suggestion to skip certain movies and stage shows, however, I don't think the follow through you suggest would be very effective. It's *not* so very simple. The course you suggest in this instance is in contradiction to the course you suggest in your comment on the President's speech to the American Bar Association. If letters are necessary in this latter instance, some positive action is also needed if we are to hope for an improvement in entertainment fare. . . .

It's too bad large numbers of our people don't realize that, through the system in operation in our country, money they turn over for purchases of everyday supplies and services actually buys a "package" which includes entertainment, good or bad. The system holds danger to the welfare of the country in that the negative reaction of switching to another station or turning the thing off protects us as individuals but leaves us footing part of the bill for a program which may well have the purpose of corrupting or subverting less discerning people. Our action (or lack of it) will become an item of concern in the account of stewardship we will one day be required to make.

It would be well if you gave some thought to developing this line of reasoning. It is *not* so very simple. It requires not just a little but a lot of follow through.

Carry on!!

WILLIAM BRECKENRIDGE

CEDAR KNOLL, N. J.

OUT OF PLACE?

Man alive, you really asked for it this time! Very definitely *THE SIGN* is not "The Place" for such trash as begins (under the authorship of one Catherine Sheridan) on the center-fold and continues to take up a total of six pages of your October issue. . . .

It is conceivable that hidden in all that cluttered language and mixed dialect there is a message for someone. If this is so, I hope that those for whom the message is intended have the perseverance to give it a hearing. . . .

My condolences to you: my regrets to author Sheridan for deeming it necessary to be so harsh.

HARRY BRADLEY

MAPLEWOOD, N. J.

MUSIC TO OUR EARS

. . . The articles you present are timely and topical. Features about Spain, France, etc., are interesting reading. We are curious about the life and conditions of the "little guy" in other countries. Stories about the unfortunate and handicapped people make us realize that we should practice more charity toward our neighbor. In conclusion, let me say that your magazine blends in religion with our modern workaday

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A. A. CARRIER

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The other Brothers are all very keen on reading THE SIGN. Your magazine is also looked forward to by the African members of our order.

BROTHER JOHN LEONARD

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Since THE SIGN is practically the only literature I receive which gives the Catholic view on so many topics, I read it from cover to cover, and feel a better informed Catholic as the result. I especially like the "Editor's Page," "Spiritual Thought for the Month," "Current Events," and the "Sign Post."

SALLY GILDAY

BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

NO VOTE

... I should tell you why I'm not going to renew my subscriptions. To be honest. I get so mad at the trade-union articles. I could scream. Like a lot of other people who believe in individual effort and honorable co-operation, I firmly believe that when Communism finally engulfs this lovely country of ours the ranks will rise from the unions. Since 1721 my family has loved and worked and died for America and I burn a bright blue flame when my Church pats them on the back.

Then, the Humes will be the death of me. Yes, I have sung some good hymns lately and hope to sing some more. I don't understand Protestants who join the Church and then pick it apart.

And while I'm not one of the middle-aged gals who gets an illegitimate bang out of Liberace, I'm in favor of live and let live as long as an entertainer keeps his show clean. If he can sell himself to an advertiser and packs theaters all around the country, why not let him alone? Those Humes don't know ALL there is to know about music. And I'd make a small wager (for the missions, of course) that neither of them can play anything but a victrola.

So, being an American from 'way back. I don't know of any other way to register my disapproval except not to vote.

Any suggestions?

MRS. C. F. ANGIONE

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Suggestion: If at first you don't succeed, try, try, again.



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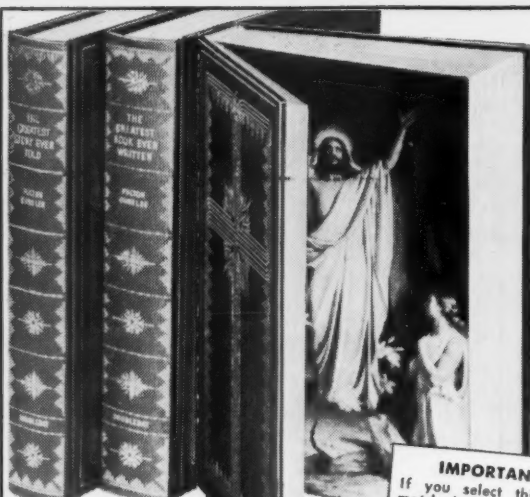
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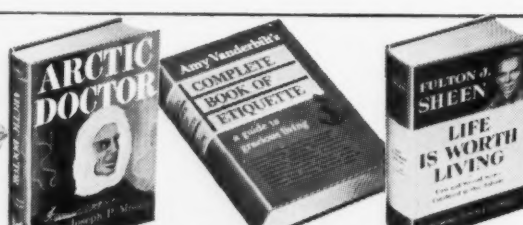
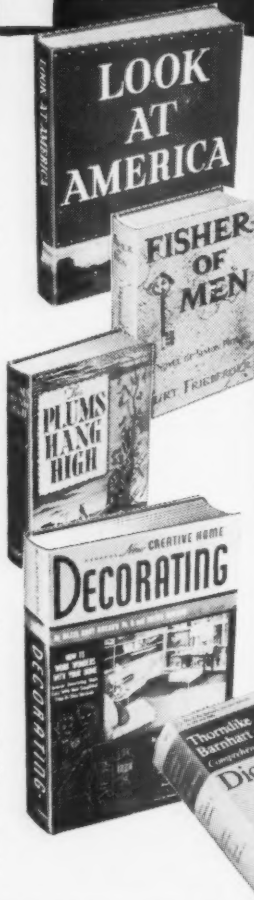
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